

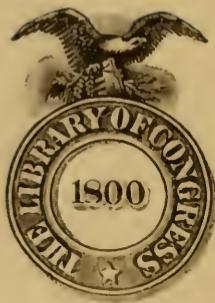
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A

VOLUME OF VERSE

BY

AUGUSTUS TREADWELL



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Augustus Treadwell

A VOLUME OF VERSE

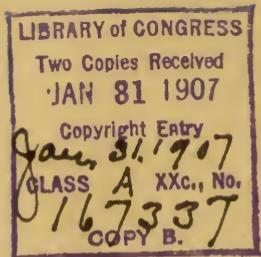
BY

AUGUSTUS TREADWELL



BROOKLYN, N. Y.
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Written during the leisure hours of a busy life, and
now published at the request of my wife and children,
to whom this book is dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

A VOLUME OF VERSE

CENTENNIAL ODE

Delivered at Jamaica (L. I.) Town Hall, July 4, 1876

FROM each mountain's granite peak,
Where the eagles refuge seek;
From each hillside, from each plain,
Where is heard the shepherd's strain;
From the city's strife and din,
With its wickedness and sin;
From each hamlet, village, town,
From each farmhouse old and brown;
From our whole united land,
To its uttermost expand,

Let the shout

From the hearts of all ring out,
That a nation glad and free
Celebrates its jubilee.

Free from Maine's untrodden snows,
To where the Rio Grande flows;
Free from the Atlantic's waves,
To the coast Pacific laves;
Free in fact as well as name,
Write it on the scroll of fame;

Read it, all ye nations round;
Read it, ye who've long been bound;
Read it, writ by truth's own might—
Every man shall have his right.

Worth alone,
Based on merit, we enthrone,
And invite the world to see
Freedom's own prosperity.

We have maidens bright and fair,
Pure as white-winged seraphs are.
We have men as bold and brave
As e'er fought their land to save.
We have manhood in its prime,
Youth to guard our future time,
Age its wisdom to impart,
Freedom's home to cheer the heart.
By the present and the past
We will swear that to the last

We'll defend

Freedom's birthright to the end;
For her glories take our stand,
And protect our native land.

God and country be our boast,
'Mid life's changes uppermost.
Scions of a noble stock,
Sons of men of Plymouth rock,
Sons whose fathers, side by side,
Fought in Freedom's cause and died.

Men above ignoble tricks,
Martyr-men of sev'nty-six,
Let us worthily engage
Pure to keep our heritage,

Worthy prove
To the names we honor, love—
Cherished, for our nation's worth,
Through their death throes, wrought its birth.

One hundred years !
What hopes, what fears,
What joys, what tears,
What progress made,
What error stayed,
What might displayed !

Where once a wilderness appeared,
Where once the savage foe was feared,
Where scarce a white man's foot had trod,
Or plough-share turned the pristine sod ;
Where, o'er a vast and wide domain,
The savage and wild beast held reign
Now city, town and hamlet stand,
While all about, on every hand,
Prosperity has blest our land.

Titanic power
Crowns every hour.
On every hand
The triumphs grand
Of honest toil we see.

Millions of hands,
Like iron bands,
Hold in their grasp,
With firmest clasp,

The fruits of industry.

From Maine unto the Golden Gate,
From Oregon to Southmost State,
Each mighty river, lake and stream
With traffic's busy minions teem;
From valley, plain, and mountain gorge,
The smoke of furnace, noise of forge;
The mingled hum of busy wheels,
The magic pulse of commerce feels.

The giant "steam,"
Like fabled dream,
Wakes into life,
To aid the strife.

The iron steed its master knows,
Harnessed by science 'gainst its foes,
On beds of steel, with mighty power,
Dashing at fifty miles an hour.

Ploughing the sea,
Relentlessly;
Throwing the spray,
As if in play,

The proud ship starts from home away.

Magnetic wire,
With tongue of fire,
Man's wants make known
From farthest zone,

Along the ocean's briny bed,
With miles of glinting spray o'erhead.
Through forest deep and mountain glen,
O'er prairie vast, where'er hath been
The foot of man, there science rears
Its trophies, crowning all the years;
Progress appears on every hand—
Ours is a most progressive land.
The lad of "seventy-six" knows more
Of science than the man of yore;
Each college and academy
A bulwark is, of liberty;
And knowledge helps, in every state,
Our freedom to perpetuate.
Our laws have opened wide the door,
Knowledge is free to rich and poor;
No law of caste, or irksome rules—
God bless the nation's common schools.

Our Church and State
Are separate;
While, conscience-free,
We worship Thee—
Great Source of all divinity.

Dark were the days at freedom's birth,
Tho' hope had not forsook the earth;
Sturdy men were the men of yore,
Hearts of oak in their bosoms bore.

Many a name
Now dear to fame

From out the gloom and darkness came.

And Freedom's throes

Were fraught with woes,

For hers were most relentless foes.

They could hear the reveille call to arms.

It was answered from workshops, schools and farms ;
All over the land the patriot cry

Was : "Fight for your freedom, conquer or die."

Liberty's boon must be fought for, if won.

Mother and daughter urged father and son.

The trusty musket was shouldered with pride,
As a tyrant's wrath bold freemen defied.

Untrained and unskilled in the arts of war,

But fired with a zeal that was better far,

It mattered but little what did oppose,

They were more than a match for British foes.

They knew not of fear, its meaning or name,

But marched to the front as brave Putman came—

His plough in the furrow left standing still,

While he grasped his gun with an iron will.

Brave as the men of Bunker Hill,

Like statues standing grim and still,

'Til Prescott's sword was seen to rise,

As shone the whites of British eyes.

Twice the enemy charged the hill.

"Fire low!" was Prescott's order still,

'Til, powder gone, each ball of lead

Had, on its fatal mission, sped.

We've raised a monument to tell
Where patriots, with brave Warren, fell ;
And, as the years roll on, we still
Shall speak, with pride, of Bunker Hill.

For seven years,
With groans and tears,
Baffled by hope, alarmed with fears,
They struggled on
'Til all was done,
And victory crowned what valor won.

We are standing in our pride on the pinnacle of years,
In looking back we see the flood of human joys and
tears ;

We see the triumphs of our race in true enlightenment,
The havoc made by fire and sword, the blood and treas-
ure spent,

The altar fires by Freedom built a hundred years ago,
That all along the century have shone with steady glow ;
We see the heroes of the past rise up in grand array,
Their deeds heroic form a part of history to-day.

Brave Ethan Allen's words ring out—we hear them once
again,

As clear as when, at early morn, they rang o'er Lake
Champlain.

And Sergeant Jasper's bravery we never shall forget ;
Look ! See him nail the battle-flag to Moultrie's parapet.
Hear brave old Stark, at Bennington, say, just before
the fray,

List: "Molly Stark's a widow, boys," unless we win
to-day.

A thousand Hessians bit the dust, or flew in mad af-
fright—

The boys of "Bennington" had won a battle for the
right.

Ten thousand guineas England's King had offered Gen-
eral "Reed"

To desert his country's cause in her sorest hour of need.

Brave was his answer. "I am not worth purchasing,"
said he,

"But England could not even buy so poor a man as me."

The Winter spent at Valley Forge, our country's darkest
night,

To many hearts it seemed that Fate fair Freedom's
cause would blight;

But 'mid those trying scenes appeared the guiding hand
of one—

The "Israelites" their "Moses" had; we had our "Wash-
ington!"

We stand upon the threshold of another century,
But no plummet can determine its depths of mystery;
We are ages in advance of a hundred years ago,
And who can tell the progress the next century will
show?

The discoveries of science, developments of art,
Unraveling of mysteries that now we know in part;
The wonders of philosophy yet feebly understood,

The links to forge to bind mankind in common brotherhood ;
Relations that our system bears to all the starry spheres ;
The changes in the heavens, through the many cycling years ;
The wonders that are hid beneath our planet's crumbling crust,
The origin of things that erst have been resolved in dust,
Relation matter bears to mind in all its mystery ;
Bringing to light antiquities and treasures of the sea ;
Where instinct ends and reason dawns in man, or bird,
or brute ;
What causes seed to germinate, or tender shrub to shoot.

Great God, before Thy searching eye
All darkness fades, all shadows fly.
On Thee alone we may rely,
And Thou alone canst satisfy.
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
That shadow may to light give place ;
And man, inspired by God, shall see
What now is wrapped in mystery.

Our country, land of all the earth, the one to us most fair—
Where rich and poor, and high and low, breathe Freedom's holy air ;
Where the poor man is the peer of the wealthiest in the land,
And the only test demanded is an honest heart and hand.

May thy banner always wave in its majesty and might—
The exemplar of true Freedom and symbol true of right,
That the nations from afar, as they gaze from o'er the
sea,

May honor, thee, Columbia, land of the brave and free.

LOVE IS A FLOWER

LOVE is a flower full of perfume and beauty,
Forced into bloom by the glance of an eye;
A reverie deep in the heart often kindled,
A fire on its altar that never can die.

Sad is the heart where, in lives unrequited,
Breathing its passions, to poison and kill:
Living, yet dead, with its desolate blighting;
Dying each moment, yet living on still.

Drop we a tear for the sad, broken-hearted,
Plighted in truth, yet developed in scorn.
A fair bud of promise, by tempest of sorrow
Early in life of its loveliness shorn.

Earth were an Eden if love could control it,
Satan and sin would be driven away;
Mortals would dwell in the shadow of Heaven,
Clothed with the light of millennial day.

Happy the home and the hearts where it dwelleth,
Faces are radiant and peace is secure:
Friendship is lasting and earnest affection
Springs from a fountain that ever is pure.

TIME

I SAW a temple, reared by man,
Upon a distant plain;
Its pinnacles rose fair and high
From out its large domain.
The storm beat wildly on its walls,
And thunderbolts were hurled,
Yet firm as adamant it stood—
The “beauty of the world.”
“Wild revelry” was in its halls—
The gay, the young, were there—
The happy heart and cheerful face,
The beautiful and fair.

Again, in after years, I looked:
The temple was no more.
Its lofty walls in ruin lay—
It was not as before.
The moss and ivy careless grew
Around its crumbling walls.
The owlet’s cry I plainly heard
Within its lonely halls.
The young, the gay, the beautiful
That I had seen before
Had, each and all, long passed away,
And dwelt on earth no more.

I saw a child rejoice in youth—
The idol fond of hearts—
Indulged in all the many scenes
That youthful joy imparts.
I looked again, and, lo! the child
Was bending down with years,
Trembling with all the cares of life,
Its weight of toil and tears.
He stood the last of all the group,
“A num’rous family-tree,”
The world around seemed desolate,
And desolate was he.

I saw an oak—a giant oak—
Standing in all its pride.
From off the mountain-top it looked
Adown its rugged side;
The birds, among its leafy boughs,
In glee were caroling,
And frisking lambs beneath its shade
Would sit and hear them sing.
Again I looked, and, lo! the oak
Was leafless quite, and bare.
The winds were moaning round its trunk
That once was green and fair.

“Who can this fell destroyer be?”
My guardian friend, I asked.
“‘Tis Time,” said he, “but, you ~~must~~ know,
I am an angel, ‘masked.’”

But, list awhile, and I will tell
To thee strange mysteries.
How Time has wondrous changes wrought
On land, likewise on seas;
For, ever since this world was formed,
What thou hast seen to-day
Thousands of other eyes have seen—
Things come and pass away!

“When morning stars together sang,
And fair creation’s morn
Woke into being with the light,
The monarch, ‘Time,’ was born.
He’s ravaged all the ages past,
And lives to smite to-day;
The high, the low, the great, the small
Do ever own his sway.
He yet shall pluck from yonder sphere
That bright and shining orb,
Shall veil in blood the silver moon,
And countless stars absorb.

“Then shall an angel, from the throne
Of Him who sits on high,
Come forth in all his majesty,
While thunder shakes the sky,
With one foot resting on the land,
The other on the sea,
His head lift up tow’rd heaven’s God,
And publish this decree

(Assembled multitudes shall list
From every clime and shore) :
The mandate this, ‘Time was, Time is,
But Time shall be no more.’ ”

NELLIE

EYES that sparkle as diamonds bright,
With a wealth of joy untold ;
A heart untouched with care, and light
As dreams that float from the Infinite,
Is my little “five-year-old.”

Here and there she is busy all day,
And her pranks are many and bold ;
Her play is her work, and her work is her play ;
Her step is as light as her heart is gay—
My dear little “five-year-old.”

Her flaxen crown has its cloud of curls—
Worth more than their weight in gold.
And I think, as through them my finger twirls,
That fairer by far than glittering pearls
Is my merry “five-year-old.”

Singing or chattering all day long,
No volume her words could hold ;
With sunshine flowing in waves of song ;
And “purity,” all unknown to wrong,
Is “Nellie,” my “five-year-old.”

GUIDE ME

OFT the way is dark and rugged,
Oft the shadow hides the sun.
Trembling, fearing, doubting, fainting,
Much I need Thee, Holy One.
When the world's allurements tempt me,
Hollow though I know they be,
"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,"
I will follow none but Thee.

Through the ages saints have followed
Where Thy guiding footsteps led.
Of Thy Cross and wondrous Passion
In Thy Holy Word I've read.
None but Thee can lead me safely
Through life's troubled, thorny way.
"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,"
Through the gloomy night to day.

I would follow where Thou leadest—
Valley deep or mountain-side,
Over oceans ridged with billows,
Or on calm and favoring tide;
Be my fate a martyr's triumph,
Or 'neath sunny skies to roam,
"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,"
'Til I gain my Glory Home.

Death shall lose its sting and terror,
If my faith on Thee is stayed ;
Guilty though I am, yet ransom
By Thy suffering Thou hast paid.
I shall pass the gloomy portal
Safely, if Thou art my friend ;
“Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,”
’Til my pilgrimage shall end.

THE PASSING YEARS

O H, 'tis true, the passing years
Deeply drink from out our eyes
The brightness of expression ;
And the light that in them lies.
That they leave their traces deep
On each brow and rosy cheek ;
That tell us we are growing old,
As plain as “furrows” speak.

Yes, childhood's years are numbered ;
And never can return
The ardent expectations
With which our hearts did yearn.
For the romance sweet has left us,
And life is stern and real ;
While the years are passing onward
Too fast, alas ! we feel.

MONTAGUE

WATCHING the river's placid tide,
Watching the broad bay, deep and wide,
Watching the city's domes and spires,
Watching the Bridge of endless wires,
Watching the steamers gliding past,
Watching each huge ship's lofty mast,
Watching the flags to the breeze unfurled,
Watching the ensigns of a world,
Watching the hills of the Jersey shore,
Watching the ferries—full a score—
Watching the forts on the island near,
Watching their quaint guns, old and queer,
Watching as sets the sinking sun,
Watching the smoke of the “sunset gun,”
Watching 'til one and all agree
Watching is rarest luxury,
For nothing surpasses the splendid view
From the royal “Terrace of Montague.”

We have watched as the sun, with its purple crest,
Stole silently down in the golden west,
Darting its rays of crimson fire
'Gainst dome and roof and towering spire;
Streaking the heavens with rays of light,
As if loth to give way to sombre night;
Bathing each cloud in a bath of flame,

Reflecting the splendor from whence it came,
'Til a picture was formed that a poet's soul
Would with rapture bound, and in ecstasy roll;
And exclaim, as many are wont to do:
"How glorious the scene from 'Montague'!"

Happy are they whose home is there,
Happy are they beyond compare,
Happy, surrounded by joy and ease,
Happy, for all conspires to please.

May the years be long, and the cares be few,
In the home of my friends at "Montague."

ITALY

O H! well I love thee, Italy,
My longing heart aspires
To tread thy sunny, verdant slopes,
With ardent, warm desires;
To breathe thy gentle atmosphere
At twilight's softest hush,
And watch the setting god of day
Cause heaven's blue to blush.

PEACE

Written at Close of the Civil War

WELCOME, sweet dawn of coming peace;
White-winged and angel-shaped.
Thou broodest o'er a land redeemed
From slavery's bondage 'scaped.
Ring loud the "pean" from each shore,
From East to mighty West.
Let North and South rejoice to know
Sweet peace our land has blest.

No more the crimson tide of war
Shall stain our fertile fields,
While 'neath the anvil and the forge
The sword to plough-share yields.
Our dark-blue rivers now shall flow
As they were wont of yore,
Reflecting back the light of heaven,
Nor stained with human gore.

Each sunny vale shall smile again,
And peace and order reign,
While Nature's verdant beauty blooms
O'er battlefields again.
More rank and green shall grow the sod
Above where patriots sleep—
Hallowed by many a loved one's prayer,
And mourned with anguish deep.

But all is over, and to-day
From every heart doth rise
The cheering thought: "God's will is done,"
Though ours the sacrifice.
Now, from New England's granite hills,
From East and Western coasts,
From loyal million hearts is heard:
"Bless ye the Lord of Hosts."

Then welcome, sweet and lasting peace;
Thou comest with fetters broke,
With Freedom stamped upon thy brow,
Unloosing every yoke.
White-winged and angel-shaped thou art;
Thou comest at God's own call,
With Liberty upon thy brow,
And Equal Rights to all.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

HE passed away in Summer-time,
While yet the birds were singing,
To list to music far more sweet,
Where golden harps are ringing.

He died while yet the Summer flowers
Their fragrant buds were swelling,
To live 'mid amaranthine bloom,
Where angels bright are dwelling.

THE LAND FOR ME

THE land of the North is the land for me,
Where the rivers bright gush wild and free;
Where the mountains rise to a dizzy height,
And the proud bird wings his lofty flight;
Where the valleys rich with verdure teem,
And wild-flowers glow 'neath the sun's bright gleam;
Where a thousand scenes of the richest hue,
From the sunset's glow to the morning's dew;
Where my heart beats free as the wind that blows,
And my soul is calm in its sweet repose.

Ye may tell me of homes 'neath a fairer sky,
Of lands where the flowers never die,
Of unceasing bloom and fragrance fair,
And of perfume floating on summer air;
Of the ivy-vines that, creeping, grow
'Round the homes of the lords of long ago;
Of castles grim with their moss-crowned towers,
Of monastic life with its quiet hours;
But, away from them all, my heart bounds free,
And its echo is still—the North for me!

Home of my childhood, home of the free,
Garden of Liberty, ever of thee
Proud shall I be, tho' afar I may roam,
Through every foreign clime, o'er ocean's foam;

Proudly I'll look to thy sweet, sunny skies,
Beautiful landscapes and hillocks that rise
From fertile valleys where, murmuring low,
Rivers—bright rivers—meandering flow.
Oh, home of my fathers, land of the free,
Warmer than ever my heart beats for thee !

A BANQUET POEM

O you want to win the day,
Be a conqueror in the fray?
Do you want to say that no man
Can or shall do more than you can?
Then shake off your languid hours;
And unravel all the powers
That, in wisdom meant to save you,
The All-Wise and Good God gave you.

Any worm can crawl the earth;
You were born of nobler birth.
Great things lie enwrapt in you.
Why not boldly dare and do?

Courage, Confidence and Grit,
Energy, and Tact, and Wit—
Use them all the best you can,
And you'll lead your fellow-man.

WHY SHOULD WE LOOK BACK?

WHY should we look back to the days that have flown,
And fear that our pleasures forever have gone?
Why sigh for the moments that never could last,
And dream that our joys have all fled with the past?
Cheer up, and look forward! the future is bright!
Though the present be dark, there was never a night,
Howe'er dark and portending, not followed by day,
With sunlight to drive all the darkness away.

“Dost remember?” are words that sound sweet to the ear;
Oft they gently awaken old memories dear;
But the pleasures unborn in the future may bring
Brighter tokens of beauty, fair “buds of the Spring.”
Our attainments in virtue, our progress in art,
Should inspire us to effort, new courage impart.
So press steadily onward, and thus win a name
High up among those on the columns of fame!

There are diamonds now hid in the future’s deep mine;
There are thoughts yet unborn to be penned into line;
There are glories untold in the distant unknown;
Then why not press forward and claim them our own?
Let the past, in the grave we have laid it, remain;
Let the present be fraught with our efforts to gain
New light for the future; our motto and aim:
Ever onward and upward to honor and fame!

SPRING-TIME

O H! the spring-time; oh! the spring-time, how I
 love its balmy hours;
How I love its gentle breezes, bearing odors from the
 flowers;
Its fair-eyed, blue “forget-me-not,” its rose and lily,
 too;
Its gorgeous-tinted rainbow, and its sky of azure blue.

For 'tis then from leafy branches, and from verdant
 meadows fair,
Come the warblings of the linnet, and the songsters of
 the air,
Making music sweet melodious, enchanting in its tone,
To cheer our hearts, dispel our griefs, and bid dull care
begone.

Then the rippling, dancing brooklets flowing onward in
 their glee,
Loosed from winter's ice-bound fetters, from his tyr-
 anny set free,
Murmur softly, as they wander through the greenwood's
 shady bowers,
Pensive music to the beauty of the overhanging flowers.

Then the days are bright and cheerful, every heart is
 blithe and gay;
Hours pass swiftly by uncounted, life seems all a flow-
 ery way;

Earth is robed in regal splendor, Spring her fair and
lovely queen,
She has donned her richest mantle all arrayed in ver-
dant green.

Oh! the spring-time; oh! the spring-time, may my
heart be like thee—
Ever joyous in its beatings, ever lithesome in its glee;
Ever hopeful in its promises of joyous days to come,
Looking forward to a summer and a blissful harvest
home.

GEORGIE

THERE'S a picture hanging upon my wall,
And I think of it night and day.
Oh! the long, long years that it doth recall,
When my little boy was my "all in all,"
Ere his beautiful form we laid away
'Neath a mound where the golden sunbeams play.

I gaze on this picture and seem to see
To the depth of his clear dark eyes,
And I hear the sound of his merry glee,
That in olden time was a joy to me,
Ere the angels bore him beyond the skies,
To his radiant home in Paradise.

DAYS OF MY BOYHOOD

O H, the days of my boyhood, how can I forget!—
Like a halo of pleasure they cling to me yet;
The lone, tangled wildwood, the forest's green trees,
And the meadow's tall grass waving in the warm breeze.

The cool, shady bower; the bright, sparkling brook,
Which sweetly rolled on thro' this green, silent nook;
The flowers that bloomed with a beauty as rare
As their fragrance—as lovely, as sweet as 'twas fair.

I remember the cottage, its garden and vines.
Around this fair spot my fond memory entwines.
In a circle of beauty, a halo of light,
That will shine thro' the darkness of sorrow's cold night.

'Twas a little, white cottage, with green blinds attached,
Looking pure in its whiteness, its little roof thatched.
The neat, cozy parlor—at its window I've stood
Full many a time, in a lone, thoughtful mood.

I remember the schoolhouse, the girls and the boys,
The old village schoolroom, its hum and its noise;
The sage, stern old master; his birch-whip and rod—
How we laughed as he roused sleepy ones from their nod.

Ah, those fair days of childhood, with innocence fraught,
They cling 'round my heart as a joy all unsought;
Their influence sweet weaves a web of delight
That will shine through all darkness of sorrow's cold
night.

HOW FAR IS IT TO HEAVEN?

HOW far is it to Heaven? Is it just beyond in air?
Amid the crimsoned cloudlets of summer evening
fair?
On the side that always shineth, howe'er dark the day
may be?
How far is it to Heaven, friend, how far is it from thee?
How far is it to Heaven? Is it 'mid the stars that
gleam,
Lightening up the midnight hours with a sparkling, sil-
ver stream?
Do the angels roam at pleasure, 'mid those distant orbs
of light?
How far is it to Heaven, friend, how far from thee
to-night?
How far is it to Heaven? Is it whence the golden blaze
Of the sun's meridian splendor sends its all-pervading
rays,
At the centre of the planets and the source to all of
light?
How far is it to Heaven? Just how far from mortal
sight?

In looking o'er the Bible, as God's will to fallen man,
My mind is set to wand'ring as my eyes the letters scan.
"This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," said He
Whom Christians all acknowledge the "Son of God"
to be.

Sometimes, 'tis said, the Christian, when dying, hears
the song
That to the "heavenly harpers," and other worlds, be-
long;
And, ere his spirit stretches its wings for final flight,
It hears the music ringing from the land of joy and
light.

How far is it to Heaven? How few the question ask,
Yet, by-and-by, not one who would not in its sunshine
bask!

Alas! we are too careless; we do not wish it near.
We find, in hollow joys of earth, too much that charms
us here.

How far is it to Heaven? Ah! it may not be far.
Too near to some of us, I fear; oh, would we ready were!
The motto, then, of every one, should be with earnest
care,
To live so that, when death may come, we'll meet each
other there.

IN MEMORIAM—HENRY PRESTON, SR.

Died March 23, 1878

QUIETLY passed his soul away,
Quietly entered the land of day,
Quietly friends stood 'round his bed,
Quietly whispered: "Father's dead."
Gently as daylight sinks to rest
Behind the clouds of the golden west,
Each brilliant ray as a promise born
Of a glorious resurrection morn.

His was a quiet, humble life,
Unknown to the world's discordant strife;
Yet, in the circle in which he moved,
As a Christian man most dearly loved:
No ostentatious pride was shown,
Or an act of subtle meanness known.
On mankind he looked as a brotherhood,
And strove, in his way, to do them good.
A quiet, unobtrusive man,
Whose current of life most even ran,
Yet one whose influence did extend
In a way that all could call him friend.

We miss the sound of his welcome voice
 And the grasp of his honest hand;
They will miss him in the church of his choice
 As a leader of their band;

And the home where sorrow's cloudlet now
Has its shadowy mantle spread,
Before the intensest grief must bow,
As they think of their loved one dead.

But he is not dead, tho' his body lies
Unmoved by the tears that fall.
His spirit has passed beyond the skies
With Him who has "died for all."
And he walks to-day the burnished streets
Of the gold-paved land on high—
Has entered the gates of pearl, and greets
What awaits us "by-and-by."

He is safe within the jasper wall;
Place his body 'neath the sod.
His spirit is beyond recall—
Hard by the Throne of God.

THE GEM

THERE is a gem of purest worth,
Richer by far than aught of earth;
There is a flower of fairest bloom,
That yields a constant, rich perfume.

The gem is rare the wide world 'round;
The flower grows nearest to the ground;
The gem, its name is "modesty";
The flower is "sweet humility."

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD

PEACE to the ashes of the dead
Who for their country fell;
Disturb it not—'tis sacred dust.
Their names shall ever dwell
Deep graven on the Nation's heart;
Firm shall they ever stand
A patriot band, whose praise shall sound
Throughout our much-loved land.

Blow gently, breezes of the night;
Softly your requiem sing.
Guard them, ye starlight watchers bright;
Your sparkling beauties bring,
And weave around their resting-place
A halo filled with light:
Fit emblem of their peaceful rest—
Calm, and serenely bright.

Angels have hailed each spirit fair,
As from its mangled corse
It soared beyond the things of earth,
Nor knew the pang—remorse.
For they had acted well their part,
Died fighting for their land,
Their native land, they loved so well;
Long may it ever stand.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A HUNDRED years ago
Not a single white man trod
The trails of Western forests,
Or paths of prairie sod;
Then, 'tis almost near as long
Since the brave and gallant "Boone"
Built his cabin in Kentucky,
'Mid the forest's echoing tune.

A hundred years ago
The redman roamed as free,
O'er field and forest woodland,
As the fish that swim the sea.
His wigwam-smoke curled up
From a cabin all his own,
And the deer and bear were hunted
By the Indian alone.

A hundred years ago
The great and mighty West
Was clothed in forest livery,
Or in prairie-gardens drest.
No cities held their sway,
As they now are, scattered wide
O'er the shores of inland seas
And by Mississippi's tide.

Where are the toiling hands,
And the weary, aching hearts,
Of men that trod the streets
Of Eastern city marts?
In their pride and in their sorrow,
Whether high or whether low,
Where are the many thousands
Of a hundred years ago?

Go ask the moaning wind.
'Twill tell you that they sleep
'Neath cypress shade and willow,
In silence long and deep;
That the earth has claimed her own,
And in dust has laid them low—
Those blithe and active limbs that moved
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years to come,
And, mortal, you and I
A common level shall have found;
For men, you know, must die.
And in Death's charnel-house
Distinctions are unknown—
The common robe for all:
The pale, white shroud alone.

What havoc Time has wrought
Since a hundred years ago!
Destruction has swept on
With a never-ceasing flow.

Still, cities have been built,
Though men have passed away;
And, as monuments, shall stand
To record the age, the day.

DELIVERED AT AN AGENCY BANQUET

YOU need "Principle" and "Purpose," "Preparation,"
"Push" and "Poise,"
"Penetration," "Punctuality," and "Perseverance," boys,
"Politeness," and "Perception," "Patience," "Prudence"
and "Precision."

Should I add another word, 'twould be the famous one—
"Decision."

No vacillating spirit ever won in any fray,
No half-determined effort will in any business pay.
You must keep your wits about you, keep "steam up"
all the time.
For the man who doesn't do it I wouldn't give a "dime."

Let competition nerve you to more strongly forge ahead.
Be a leader 'mong your fellows, be unwilling to be led.
God never made a "hero," for a "hero" makes himself.
The "namby-pamby" men of earth are laid upon the
shelf.

'Tis the man of pluck and daring wins laurels for his
brow,

And the easiest way to conquer is "get at it," "do it
now."

You will meet with competition—it should only give you
grit.

If a hard case seems to baffle, don't give up, but stick
to it.

Should you fail, don't get discouraged—try again and
yet again.

Clouds will not forever hover; sunshine always follows
rain.

Your profession's one of honor—as an "agent" you can
stand

In the line of honest effort high as any in the land.

Yield to no man in endeavor; the same God made us all.
Remember, by your effort you must stand or you must
fall.

Throw off each lazy habit, cast off the chains that bind,
And show the world about you you're an honor to man-
kind.

ALL ALONE IN NATURE'S BEAUTY

ALL alone in Nature's beauty,
Far away in prairie fields,
Many a flower of modest merit
Fair and lovely perfume yields ;
Wayward feet have never wandered,
Eye of man hath never seen,
As it modestly, in beauty,
Hides and blooms 'neath prairie screen.

All around us flowers are blooming,
Minds of high and noble worth ;
Hearts of virtue, pure and lovely ;
Souls of high, though lowly, birth ;
Yet, unknown to all around them,
Bloom they in their beauty fair.
Earth to them has no attraction—
Hath to them no genial air.

Influences as they should be,
Strewn around their way with care,
Have not been too freely woven—
Thus we find them as they are :
They to us appear as others,
Born to toil and lowly fare.
Why ? The reasons plain and truthful—
They're oppressed by want and care.

Lift the burden from their shoulders,
Let them bathe in heaven's free air,
Unconfined by loom or workshop,
Aught that mind can e'er impair;
Gems of thought, of truth and wisdom
Forth would spring from many a heart,
And the world be wiser, better,
For them having done their part.

God has given each his duty
To perform while here below.
If we, in our eager grasping,
Do not unto others show
Equal chance for self-improvement—
Proper time to train the mind—
He accountable will hold us
When, at last, we sadly find
That our eager haste for riches,
Fame or power, at others' cost,
Is to us, at last, forever
Time and toil completely lost.
God above is one of justice—
They who find it not below
Shall, in all its power and beauty,
Claim it when to Him they go.

Yes, the time is fast approaching
When the wrong shall righted be;
When the prison-doors shall open,
And the captive soul go free;

Right, not might, shall wield the sceptre.
God shall gather in His own;
Seed-time past and harvest ended,
They shall dwell around His throne.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

WHENEVER I sit me down alone,
It seems I fain would write—
Turn into rhyme some new-fledged thought,
Or sonnet sweet indite.
Sometimes my thoughts go wandering back
O'er memory's shining way,
Contrasting scenes of long ago
With actions of to-day.

Sometimes into the vista dim
Of future years I gaze,
And wonder if the light of love
Shall gild the coming days.
Anon my heart is filled with gloom,
And then with radiant light,
As streams of sunshine gladly flow,
Or darkness clouds my sight.

DIDST EVER SEE THE DEWDROPS?

DIDST thou ever see the dewdrops,
As at early morn they lay
On the green and grassy meadow,
And on flowerets bright and gay?
Didst thou ever mark the freshness
Of each flower and tiny leaf,
When, at last, they had departed—
Those emblems fair, of grief?

Each human flower's oft bathed in tears,
And sad they sometimes seem ;
But, as the dew upon the flowers
Doth make them brighter gleam,
So every anguish of the heart
But purifies the soul,
And every storm, however rough,
Doth sanctify the whole.

I would not care to live a life
Of sunshine without shade,
Or have the promptings of my will
Implicitly obeyed.
I'd rather have the storm, at times,
To whirl around my way,
So that I could appreciate
A fairer, brighter day.

MUSINGS

WHAT a strange contrast in this world we find !
A jargon of facts of every kind.
A word means this, and a deed means that ;
A man's oft judged by the style of his hat.
A millionaire dwells in his palace brown ;
Beside him a tenement-house doth frown ;
The glittering sheen of his jewels fair
Doth ill with the rags of his friend compare.
Friend ! did I say ? Ah ! my pen's too fast—
At the thought of this he would stand aghast,
And yet he forgets that his lofty head
Must soon lie low in the self-same bed
With the poorest beggar that crawls the earth,
Whom he once despised as of meaner birth.
A rich man's son at the school's caressed,
While the poor man's boy goes poorly dressed ;
But subsequent years oft reveal the fact
That the boy, though poor, had a greater tact,
And has rivaled the one of high degree,
Though his was a lowly pedigree.

Beauty oft hides a deceitful heart,
And a smile oft covers a poisonous dart ;
While virtue, the noblest grace of all,
Is oft charmed away to its fatal fall.

A wasp's oft concealed in a beauteous flower;
While villainy lurks in a lofty tower.
But the thrones of kings, and the homes of men,
The rocky cliffs and the lonely glen,
Are scenes alike of the varied range
Of the monarch of old, "Almighty Change."

THE HEAVENLY LAND

THERE'S a land of glowing beauty,
Cloudless skies serene and fair,
Where no stormy wind e'er bloweth,
Where the mind is free from care.

Just beyond the darksome river
Lies this land of joy and light.
Saints and angels dwell within it,
Songs of praises their delight.

O'er its verdant plains of pleasure
Streams of joy forever flow;
Peaceful rivers gently gliding,
Murmur music soft and low.

Fragrant flowers to deck its pathways,
Streets of burnished, shining gold,
Pearly gates and walls of jasper—
Splendors that can ne'er be told.

Bowers of amaranthine splendor,
Fruits of fair ambrosial taste,
Verdant hills and fertile valleys,
Landscapes ne'er by sin defaced.

'Tis the land that God has promised—
Heavenly Canaan—land of rest,
Where, forever in His presence,
Dwell, at last, the good and blest.

A MAN OF EIGHTY YEARS WAS HE

A MAN of eighty years was he,
With wrinkles on his brow,
With hair that once was dark and fair,
But gray and sandy now.
His step was firm, though he was old ;
His mind a castle-wall
That closed upon the world and left
His thoughts alone his all.

Much, very much, of real life
His lot had been to know.
He'd felt its joys and knew its ills,
And seen its tinsel show.
Friendships, like vivid meteor's flash,
Had come and gone like they ;
Tried friends, though few and far between,
Had also passed away.

I never shall forget the words
 He said to me one day,
As I was sitting by his door,
 At hour of twilight gray.
Said he: "Young man, the world is false;
 Its friendships fade and wane.
I've tried it all, and now I would
 Not live life o'er again.

"When fortune's swift and flowing tide
 My life-barque swept along,
Friends thick as sands upon the shore
 Would 'round my pathway throng.
But when the fickle tide had turned,
 And I, with all my might,
Strove hard to breast the angry waves,
 No friend was then in sight.

"Since then I've lived within myself,
 My thoughts my only guest;
The world shut out, my mind at peace—
 In simple, quiet rest.
Young man, the world is insincere.
 To it no thought I've given
Since first I found its fickleness—
 The bonds have all been riven."

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

COME prosperity or sorrow, come the brightest joys
or grief;
Tho' the golden grain of pleasure may decay within its
sheaf,
We may count a gain in all things, for we cannot suffer
loss
While we dwell within His presence "In the Shadow of
the Cross."

In this shadow we are learning richest truths about our
God;
Oft we find our grandest lessons 'neath the chastening of
His rod.
In the fiercest fires of conflict He is melting out the
dross,
But He gives us final triumph "'Neath the Shadow of
the Cross."

Nothing shall befall the Christian but shall work his
highest good;
Heaviest griefs would seem rich blessings if they were
but understood;
Tho' the storm may rage, and billows here and there our
life-barques toss,
We are safe if each day finds us "In the Shadow of the
Cross."

Jesus, gentle Saviour, keep us; for Thine own we fain
would be;
Every thought and word and action, consecrated, Lord,
to Thee.
As of old Thou led'st Thy people all the desert way
across,
Loving Saviour, lead and guide us by "The Shadow of
Thy Cross."

JULY FOURTH, 1872

WELCOME the day to Columbia dearer
Than any the year with its sun shines upon;
Its memories cling to the heart all the nearer
As years, in succession, are swift passing on.
We cannot forget the brave, grand declaration
That, signed by our "Fathers" in old "Sev'nty-six,"
Proclaimed fair Columbia thenceforth as a nation
Free from all laws any king interdicts.

Brave were the hearts in those days of commotion;
Earnest and true were our patriot sires—
Free in their thoughts as the waves of the ocean;
While from each hearthstone burned Liberty's fires.
Tyranny trembled while Liberty rallied;
God blest the arms of the patriot band,
As monarchs acknowledged their "protest" was valid,
And bound to be free was this struggling land.

Free from the Gulf to the Canada border,
Free from the East to the far Western coast;
Freedom and loyalty to law and order
Evermore has been, and shall be, our boast.
Home of the exile and weary-worn stranger,
Asylum for all the oppressed of the world;
Our flag is the sign of protection from danger,
Its bright field of Stars and Stripes ne'er shall be
furled.

Let anthems of joy hail this festal occasion;
From river and valley, from mountain and plain,
From city and village, all over the nation
Commingled, may voices make up the refrain;
Let winds from the lakes and the breezes of ocean,
And zephyrs that play through our valleys so fair,
Sing songs of thanksgiving, and grateful emotion,
As the folds of our banner float on the air.

No slave drags his chain in Columbia's dominion;
The shackles are loosed, and each fetter is broke;
No one is proscribed for expressing opinion;
And almost forgotten is slavery's yoke.
On Liberty's forehead these words we emblazon:
"Protection and freedom to one and to all"—
Bright letters of gold that the nations may gaze on,
And learn, by this motto, we stand or we fall.

We've age, with its wisdom and care to direct us;
Youth, with its promise of days yet unborn;
Manhood, with valor and power to protect us,
Laughing all fears for the future to scorn;

Landscapes that challenge the world for their splendor,
Eden-like softness, and mountains sublime;
Streams that through richest of verdure meander
From northernmost lake to the Gulf's warmer clime.

Let us jealously guard the trust thus transmitted
From sires that we proudly can claim as our own;
Our escutcheon unstained, our flag unsubmitted
To insult, but stands in its beauty alone.
The spangling Stars and the Stripes that were given
As emblems to fight for or die, if we must,
Shall evermore float to the breezes of heaven—
The starry-striped ensign of laws that are just.

“GOOD-BYE”

“**G**OOD-BYE,” so said a cherished friend,
As yester’s steamer sailed,
To breast the broad Atlantic’s waves
'Til foreign ports were hailed.
A tear, a look of fond regret,
A heavy-burdened sigh,
And then the last-remembered words
Borne on the air: “Good-bye.”

“Good-bye”—a youthful lover stands
Beside a girlish form.
He clasps her hand, but they must part—
Alone to breast life’s storm.

Their hearts are one, but fate is stern.
A teardrop fills her eye;
A charge "Be brave," "True love shall win,"
Then calmly says: "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," so said the volunteer;
"My country calls—I go
To face the thundering cannon's mouth,
And meet an angry foe."
His soul was brave, his heart was true;
Ready to dare and die,
If needs be, for his country's cause,
To friends he said: "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," a dying Christian said;
"I have not lived in vain.
Yonder's my home, and portion fair,
And there doth Jesus reign.
Prepare, my friends, when life is o'er
To meet me in the sky.
My Saviour calls; I cannot wait.
'Til then, to all: "Good-bye."

"Good-bye"—how oft upon our ears
Its accents sad have rung!
Good-bye"—it wakens memories oft
Of when we yet were young.
Oh, yes, ye days of youthful glee,
Too swift does childhood fly.
To you our saddened hearts have said,
Long, long ago: "Good-bye."

“Good-bye”—it sounds upon the wind
 In every passing breeze;
In songs of birds, in autumn-time,
 In foliage from the trees.
In every hour and moment lost,
 In every throb and sigh,
Joys come, as quickly leave us, too,
 And ever say: “Good-bye.”

HER HOME

HER home is where the linnet
 And robin tune their notes,
Where all the birdling melody
 'Mid Summer verdure floats
'Neath skies of blue cerulean,
 And stars of peerless light
That beam from heaven's coronet,
 In dazzling beauty bright.

A form as fair in symmetry
 As artist mind could paint,
The casket of a guileless soul
 Untouched by sinful taint.
An eye of deep expressiveness—
 The mirror of her mind—
Bespeaking grace with loveliness
 And virtue all combined.

GEMS

VARIED and rare are the gems of earth,
And found in every form.

There are gems of Nature, diamonds bright,
Rubies and pearls, and crystals light,
With richest colors to dazzle the sight
In sunshine and in storm.

There are gems of flowers with beauty decked,
And fragrance all aglow,
From the brilliant rose to the lily-bell,
And "lotus" queen of eastern dell,
Whose petals budding, blooming, swell
As Summer breezes blow.

There are gems of thought, surpassing deep,
That soar to loftiest themes,
Compass the azure vaults on high,
Roam at will through the deep-blue sky,
And puzzle the brains of you and I
With high-born heavenly dreams.

There are gems of kindness, deeds of love,
Though far too few, I ween,
That bless the lives of the humble poor
Who the rugged ills of life endure,
And cause to grow, by life's garden-door,
Bright meadows of verdant green.

Oh, grant, thou Giver of every good,
To me may e'er be given
A contented heart—life's richest prize—
And a soul that ever would upward rise
In aspiration toward the skies,
Its own, its native Heaven.

HE SLEEPETH

HE sleepeth, oh! so quietly,
By fair Potomac's river.
Its murmuring wavelets sweetly flow
'Tween banks where richest flowers grow,
Where birds their songs sing soft and low,
And water-lilies quiver.

He sleepeth, oh! so peacefully,
'Neath Southern sunlight streaming,
Afar from home, in stranger land—
One of a loyal patriot band
Who marched at duty's stern command
Where battle-blades were gleaming.

He sleepeth 'mid the sacrificed
Upon his country's altar.
Noble and brave was he in life,
Faltering not amid the strife;
Fighting for his country's life,
Far too brave to falter.

He sleepeth where the melody
 Of Summer birds is ringing.
The din of war, the tramp of feet
Can never reach his still retreat;
But angel-notes his soul doth greet,
 And with them he is singing.

He sleepeth, but in yonder Heaven
 His patriot soul is dwelling.
Victor at last o'er every foe,
He dwells where heavenly flowers grow,
And hears the music soft and low
 From Eden's bowers swelling.

LINES

I HAVE stood by a grain field and watched as it rolled;
 Its well laden tops by the breezes controlled,
In billows of yellow and gold it was drest
With alternating sunshine and shade as its crest.

And it seemed like our lives by the billows of Fate
Pushed onward, now sad, then with joy all elate,
Alternating thus 'mid life's sunshine and gloom
Till our autumn appears and we're laid in the tomb.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE cliff is rugged and steep,
And rock-bound is the shore,
And the foamy crest of each breaking wave
Keeps time to the wind's wild roar.

Oh ! a desolate spot is that
Where the lonely lighthouse stands,
To warn the sailor of sunken reefs
And the bar of drifting sands.

And many a sailor's heart
Has blest that lighthouse gray
In the long, dark hours of the gloomy night,
When the storm-king lashed the bay.
When the stars are all obscured,
And the vast expanse above
Is black, 'tis then this beacon-ray
Shines as "the light of love."

Steady and firm and sure,
Brightest when darkest the night.
Unmindful still of the breakers' roar,
Or the wrath of the storm-king's might.
Shining from setting sun
'Til the daylight broad appears,
Cheering the mariner's heart of oak,
Chasing away his fears.

This world is a dreary waste,
And the ocean of life is deep,
And the storms of grief and pain
Over its waters sweep;
But the port is just beyond,
And the light that beckons us on
Is the glory that shines from yonder shore
In the smile of God's dear Son.

REST

WE are traveling to a country where the weary feet
shall rest,
Where the aching head shall find repose on Jesus' lov-
ing breast;
Where faith shall find fruition in a harvest golden
grown,
Where the ransomed of the Lord shall stand beside the
great white Throne:
Where troubled hearts shall find a peace the world has
never given,
Where patient souls shall find a joy for which through
life they've striven;
Where, with patriarchs and prophets, we shall walk the
pastures green,
And share the radiant glory of the "Risen Nazarene."

From the windows of those mansions never fades the sunlight fair;

Odors more sweet than Eden knew float on the ambient air.

God's promises to Christian hearts are full and rich and free.

Be joyful. "Where I am," said Christ, "there may ye also be."

Oh, land tow'rd which we're journeying; oh, home for which we yearn,

With glad expectancy e'en now our hearts with rapture burn;

From Pisgah's heights the glory gleams in rays of sapphire glow,

While radiant crowns are waiting us and robes more white than snow.

Glad, welcome hands shall clasp our own, when o'er the surging tide

We see the loved, who long ago crossed to the farther side.

Waiting, they watch our coming as the years go floating by.

Oh, what a meeting that shall be in the Paradise on high!

No tear shall trickle down the cheek, or sorrow cloud the brow;

No trembling fears shall agitate, or care perplex, as now;

But rainbow-tinted joys shall span eternity's bright dome,
And cycling ages find us still within our Father's home.

We are traveling to a country where the weary feet shall rest.

Let us suffer with our Master here—He knoweth what is best.

Tho' storms may beat, and billows break, and winds rise loud and high,

We feel His presence, for He says: "Be not afraid, 'tis I."

We are strangers here and pilgrims along life's thorny way—

A few brief years we tarry in the twilight dim and gray;
But the Master soon will call us to the mansions of the blest,

Where the aching head shall find repose on Jesus' loving breast.

LONGING

SOME, gentle, pure, confiding one
This aching void to fill,
Whose loving words shall whisper hope,
And murmur "peace be still."
To mutually life's burden bear,
To cheer, when I am sad;
Whose voice shall warble round my heart,
Comfort and make me glad.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

WHERE are the lily and the rose,
That bloomed in Summer hours?
The pink and sweet chrysanthemum,
And all the host of flowers?
The daisies and the buttercups
That grew on hill and lea,
And breathed an air of fragrance 'round,
To gladden you and me?

I hear no more the oriole,
That songster of the day.
The birdling choir seems broken up,
Its members flown away.
The groves are no more jubilant
With warbled melodies,
Tho' still the robin's chirp is heard
From 'mong the orchard trees.

The sweetest warblers all have flown,
And flowers have all decayed;
The autumn winds, with chilling blast,
Have desolation made;
And, tho' they leave our forest trees
With golden colors crowned,
We miss the music and the flowers
That lately did abound.

Stern Winter soon, with icy breath,
 Will sweep along the plain,
And o'er our placid lakes and streams
 The frozen king shall reign.
Then will we sigh for Summer birds,
 For fragrant groves and flowers,
And wish that all their balmy days
 Perennial were ours.

FAR AWAY, TO REALMS OF BEAUTY

FAR away, to realms of beauty,
 Regions fair and bright,
Where the sunlight ever dwelleth,
 Roams my soul to-night.
'Mid the amaranthine bowers,
 Through the golden streets,
Where, with angels pure and holy,
 Kindness sweetly greets.

Chorus.—Angel voices, heavenly music
 With my spirit blends;
Sabbath evening's holy stillness
 Sweet enchantment lends.

Earth is fair in many places,
 Flowers sweet doth bloom;
Hearts all genial, pure and happy,
 Yield a rich perfume.

Yet, compared with heavenly beauty,
Hearts that dwell in love
'Mid the rare and holy perfume
Of the Heaven above—

Dimly seem, as through the vision
Of my mind to-night,
As it, far from earth's dominions,
Sweetly wings its flight.
Angels, clothed in radiant beauty,
Souls arrayed in light;
God, in glory bright resplendent,
Banishes all night.

Backward never would I wander
To this world of care;
With its sunshine and its sorrows,
False as often fair.
List! a spirit speaketh gently,
Whispering words of love:
“Faithful still a little longer,
Thou shalt rest above.”

LIFE

A SPRING upon a mountain,
Hid in by rocks and trees,
Protected by the giant oaks
For many centuries.
A rill of crystal clearness,
Fed by the babbling spring,
Murmuring pensive melody,
Like birds of Autumn sing.
A rapid, dashing brooklet,
A cataract and foam,
As on the stream with power
Sweeps from its mountain home.
Anon it passes onward
'Til soon it gains the plain,
And now a mighty river
Is traversing the main.
It bears upon its bosom
The commerce of the West;
Navies float upon its tide
With Freedom's Union "crest."

A child upon the bosom
Of a youthful mother lay,
Fair as the breath of early morn
That ushers in the day.
A boy with sunny ringlets,
A youth with forehead high,

With manhood stamped upon his brow,
And genius in his eye.
Thus pass the years most quickly ;
The mind becomes matured
By mingled scenes of pleasure,
And joy and pain endured ;
Shaped for deeds of usefulness,
Ready to do its part,
To act in life's great drama,
And figure in its mart ;
To read aright the blessings
By a heav'nly Father given,
Crowning future years with hope
Of one day gaining Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM

*Read at Memoriam Services of
MERRY F. DEGRAUW (DROWNED)*

H E sleeps. How little do we know
What changes time may bring !
Death comes, and in a moment claims
The heart's best offering.
We little thought, when last we met,
That one so young and fair
Would soon be taken from our midst,
And from home's tend'rest care.

He sleeps; but when, with weeping eyes,
 We laid his body down,
We knew that far beyond the skies
 He'd gained a radiant crown.
He treads, with joy, the shining streets
 Of yonder land of light;
He's with the angels now, while we
 Are gathered here to-night.
He knows no thought of care or pain—
 A "palm" and "robe" are given.
Earth's trials, dangers, all are past;
 He's safe at home in Heaven.

He sleeps while Summer's balmy breeze
 And June's bright flowers grow,
While from the branches of the trees
 The song-birds' warblings flow.
The night its dewy mantle spreads,
 The morning sunlight streams,
And casts athwart his grassy mound
 A thousand golden beams.
But naught disturbs his quiet rest,
 Or mars his gentle sleep,
For unseen spirits hover 'round,
 And angels vigil keep.

He sleeps, while gentle hands have smoothed
 The mound above his head;
Have planted rarest flowers to bloom
 . Above his narrow bed,

And tears of warm affection oft
Have fallen on the sod.
His body's there, but "Merry's" soul
Has gone to dwell with God.
We miss him, but the grief that bows
Our hearts with heaviest woe
He cannot feel, for saints above
No thought of sadness know.

He sleeps; and, as the Sabbaths pass,
We miss him in our school—
Faithful, attentive in his class;
Submissive to each rule.
We miss his voice as songs of praise
And prayer to God ascend.
We miss his gentle smile, for all
He knew he made his friend.

He sleeps; no earthly friend was nigh
When the last moment came;
No one to say a fond good-bye,
And call him by his name;
But God was there, and in His arms
Bore "Merry's" spirit o'er
The cold and chilling tide of death
To Heaven's blissful shore.
And angels watched his upward flight
With more than earthly joy,
And welcomed to their starry home
Our little darling boy.

He sleeps; but, oh! ye stricken ones,
 Take courage—"God is love."
No tear is shed, or sorrow felt,
 Unknown to "Him above."
His ways oftentimes mysterious seem,
 But all He does is wise.
Oftentimes He takes our loved ones hence,
 To draw us to the skies.
His providences, tho' they seem
 At times most hard to bear,
Are but the workings of a kind
 And Heavenly Father's care.

He sleeps; the chain that might have bound
 Your hearts' best hopes to earth
Now closer binds your hearts to God
 And to a heavenly birth.
The link a golden one has grown,
 And, as you lift your eyes,
Hope bids you seek a starry crown
 With him in Paradise.
He cannot come to you, but you
 Can some day go to him;
He'll not forget you 'midst the throng
 Of bright-winged cherubim;
He oft will think of loved ones here,
 For you will watch and wait,
'And be the first to welcome you
 At Heaven's pearly gate.

YE MAY TALK OF SUNNY SCENES

YE may talk of sunny scenes
In the Oriental lands,
Of rippling wavelets washing
The bright shores of golden sands,
Of Italia's cloudless skies,
And of star-gems beaming bright
From the canopy of heaven
On a clear Italian night.

Ye may talk of snowy Alps,
And of hills that upwards rise
From Europe's plains in beauty
Tow'rd the ever-bending skies,
Of the rivers in their flow—
Giant-like they seem to be,
Ever flowing, rapid, onward
Tow'rd the great and mighty sea.

Ye may talk of flowers fair,
Fresh from Nature's blooming hand,
That bud in beauteous bowers
In fair Persia's lovely land.
Of each trellised vine, and arch,
Of the flower-crowned sweet arcade,
That Art, with Nature blending,
All more lovely still has made.

Ye may talk of soft, dark eyes,
And of tresses, wavy, fair,
That fall o'er snowy shoulders
In a wealth of raven hair.
Of fair forms of matchless mould,
Both of symmetry and grace,
And of beauty, mantling all,
Beaming from a maiden's face.

But no sunnier scenes to me
Than my native landscapes fair,
Its gently rolling rivers,
And its clear, free mountain air;
Its flowers of matchless tint,
And its maidens fair as they,
As rosy in expression,
And as sweet as flowers of May.

Yes; my native land for me,
And my feet would never roam
For beauty or enjoyment
From my boyhood's early home.
Ye may talk of foreign climes,
Flowers, mountains, maidens fair;
For me, my native country—
With her, nothing can compare.

THEY WERE GATHERED FOR THE BRIDAL

THEY were gathered for the bridal—the gay, the young were there;
They were waiting for the bridegroom, and for his bride so fair.
At last they came, but then I thought the paleness of her cheek
Spoke of a sorrow that her tongue had yet refused to speak.

Her form was one as beautiful as e'er I'd wish to see,
While raven ringlets, rich and long, hung carelessly and free;
Her deep, dark eyes and thoughtful brow more beautiful, I ween;
And, although her look was downcast, to me she seemed a queen.

The bridegroom was a man of wealth, stern and of high degree;
The fair bride's father stood beside, and looked approvingly.
He'd sold her hand, but little thought the weight of woe he'd cast
Upon a light and youthful heart that through its life would last.

The vows were spoken, and they turned toward the open door,
The bridegroom happy, but the bride, alas! for her no more
The gentle strains of joy would flow that once had filled with glee
The heart that then was happy, but now must fettered be.

They say she loved a noble youth, but then her father said
That with ONE both high and wealthy his daughter should wed.
She said she could not love him, so proud and cold was he;
And, though she gave her hand away, her heart should e'er be free.

A few brief years soon passed away, when, one fair Summer night,
When stars were shining overhead, her spirit took its flight;
She seemed as beautiful in death as on her bridal day—
So pale and fair. Why should a rose so sweet so soon decay?

None knew what caused her sickness, yet she oft was seen to weep,
And when alone the teardrops adown her cheek would creep.

She seemed so sad, yet none could tell what caused the
tears to start,
For strangers could not read within—it was a broken
heart.

WHERE DWELLETH BEAUTY?

WHERE dwelleth beauty? I've often been asked.
To tell where, my pen has as often been tasked.
Where dwelleth it? List, I will tell thee again:
It dwelleth abroad, o'er the whole earth's domain.

On the cheek of the rose, on the lily's fair breast,
The violet's bosom, the sunflower's crest,
On the buttercup's leaf, on the daisy's white head—
All over the garden and field it is spread.

Look away to the ocean, it shines in each wave;
It glows in the depths of the mermaid's cave;
It shines in the pearl that the diver seeks;
In each crested billow its spirit speaks.

It dwells in the mountains, the valley and glen;
'Tis heard in the chirp of the bluebird and wren;
It blooms on the cheek of a lovely young maid,
And in palaces grand its form is arrayed.

“Where dwelleth beauty?” Where dwelleth it not?
This query I'd put and would not have forgot;
That it dwelleth within you—around and above;
That its centre is light and its orbit is love.

THE EAGLE

MY home is away on the mountain-top,
Afar from the haunts of men;
To reach it I pierce through mist and shade,
And pass o'er forest and glen.
I nestle my young where the shrill winds blow,
And the air with frost is keen,
Above the haze of the murky cloud
In the blue empyrean.

Nations of earth have chosen me
As an emblem of their cause.
They've gilded me bright with yellow gold
On the standard of their laws.
For me they've fought and writhed in blood,
And they've borne me through the storm
Of the battle's rage 'til victory
Has perched on my gilded form.

Bards have sung of my lofty fame,
Honored in many a land
As the emblem of a Nation's pride,
Caressed by a Nation's hand.
I've lived ere they thought, or dreamed, of birth;
Shall live when they crumble and fall,
And quietly nestle my birdling brood
On the crag of a mountain tall.

THOUGH FAR IN OTHER LANDS

THOUGH far in other lands I stray,
'Neath skies of cloudless blue,
'Mid scenes of bright and joyous mirth,
Where hearts beat warm and true;
Though I may cross the rolling wave,
And far away may roam,
There's not a spot, however fair,
That can compare with home.

Though I may walk the fragrant paths
Of Persia's lovely bowers,
And 'mid their fragrance sweetly pass
The short and pleasant hours;
Though I may sit me down and gaze
Upon their fountain's foam,
And watch their "tiny, sparkling waves,"
Yet there's no place like home.

Though I may climb the vine-clad hills
Of fair and sunny France—
May listen to the low, sweet tone
Of the music and the dance—
May hear the youthful songs of glee,
As from hearts true they come,
Yet still unto my heart there's not
A spot so dear as home.

I would not choose a kingly crown
To deck my humble brow;
Its cares I know would make me far
Less happy than than now;
I'd rather hear the gentle voice
Of "Ellie": "Do not roam,
We'll twine for thee a garland fair,
Culled from the flowers at home."

My home my paradise shall be,
My Eden here below,
Where hearts with warm affection burn,
With love seem all aglow;
O! ask me not if I could wish
In other lands to roam.
There's not a spot in earth's vast round
So sweet, so dear as home.

MOTTO OF THE WORLD

CONTENT, ah! few of us are so
Ambition knows no bound.
Fame like a siren sits aloft
And lures us with its sound.
Eager to grasp, impulsive still,
Unsatisfied as ever,
Wealth, Honor, Praise, Emolument,
The "Golden God" forever.

THE NURSE OF THE UNION ARMY

HER eye was dark and brilliant,
Her brow was snowy white,
And o'er her features gently played
A flood of heavenly light;
Her cheeks were Summer sunsets,
With crimson color flushed,
And the bosom of a rosebud
Unfolded as she blushed.

Her form was what your fancy
In roaming wild would paint—
The perfect work of Nature's hand,
Unmarred by sinful taint.
Bewitchingly enchanting,
Like the fairy of a dream
That has hovered o'er your slumbers
By a woodland-shaded stream.

Her bosom heaved as gently
As the wavelets of the sea,
While, underneath it all a heart
Beat generous and free.
She was one of Mercy's angels,
Sent to charm, and cheer, and bless,
And to wake a heavenly feeling
With her heart of tenderness.

She had watched beside the bedside
Of many a wounded brave,
And fanned the fevered brows of those
Who fought their land to save.

A Nurse of the Union Army
Was this fair and gentle dame,
And many a noble soldier
Had learned to bless her name.

In the Shenandoah Valley,
Where the battle's wine flowed free—
Where, 'neath our banner's crimson folds,
We gained the victory—
After many a bloody contest,
With her cup and bright canteen,
'Mid the dying and the wounded,
Our hero-girl was seen.

God bless the noble women
Scattered throughout our land
Who, in our country's darkest night,
Lent her a helping hand,
As nurses on the battlefield,
Cheering our "Boys in Blue,"
In MARCH, in CAMP, in HOSPITAL,
Who fought for me and you.

THE LOVELINESS OF NATURE

O H ! the loveliness of Nature !
We see it in the flowers
That bloom and blossom in the dells,
To cheer the Summer hours.
We see it in the towering oak,
Whose branches cleave the air ;
In blade of grass, in gurgling brook ;
In fact, 'tis everywhere.

How softly float the Summer clouds
Upon the balmy air !
And what than Summer rainbow's arch
More beauteous or fair ?
How sweetly floats the song of birds !
How pensive sighs the breeze
Through branches green and verdant leaves
Of all the forest trees !

The lakelet's mirrored surface shows
The azure blue of heaven ;
The valleys teem with harvests rich,
As blessings to us given.
In mountain height, in waterfall,
In everything around,
In heaven above, in earth beneath,
Doth loveliness abound.

OUR INFANT CLASS

BRIGHT jewels, more precious than rubies,
With faces that Heaven shines through;
Eyes bright as the stars of the midnight,
And which twinkle as prettily, too;
Cheeks blushingly sweet as the roses,
And dimples like wavelets at sea.
Oh, the Saviour could not help saying:
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

Tiny hands that are softer than velvet,
Little feet that step lightly as air,
Voices sweet as the cadence of music,
And as tender as birds, but more fair;
Hearts pure as the angels above us,
Sweetest innocence to them is given.
They teach us the pure and the holy,
“For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Each Sabbath they sit in their places,
And listen with hearts all aglow,
As we tell them the story of Jesus,
And how pure in His love they may grow.
Forbid it, dear Saviour, that ever
From Thy bosom these lambs may e'er stray;
May their feet ever walk in the pathway
That shall lead to eternity's day.

OUR PATRIOT DEAD

(1866)

THEY sleep in every churchyard green
Throughout the peaceful North;
Brought home to die, those noble ones
Who went to battle forth.

The willows weep, the cypress mourn
The early sacrificed,
While by their country's grateful heart
Their memory's deeply prized.

They sleep by every Southern stream,
By "Rappahannock's" tide,
Where fair "Potomac's" waters flow,
By "Mississippi's" side.
In many a forest, dark and drear;
On many a mountain-slope,
Sleep thousands of our fallen braves—
Their country's early hope.

Yes, sleep they there; nor dream they now
Of carnage or of strife.
Their spirits walk the fields of light,
They live a newer life;
They rally to their Leader's call
On fairer plains than ours,
And tread, with martial feet, the paths
Of Heaven's blissful bowers.

They sleep, for well they've done their part,
Fighting for Freedom's cause;
For liberty of conscience, too,
And majesty of laws;
But all is past, and once again
A reunited land
Shall soon forget the bitter strife,
And for one "ensign" stand.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF SUMMER

IN the twilight of Summer I've stood on the hill,
When all Nature around me was silent and still;
When the tops of the mountains like vapor appeared,
So dim in their outline, though lofty they reared
Their high heads to heaven, defying the storms
That for years had beat bleak 'gainst their weather-worn
forms;
When the sun had retired to its couch in the west,
And all animate Nature was seeking its rest.

I have stood, and I've pondered how calm is the scene
To the turmoil of life, all its hours how serene;
How like to the peace of a pure Christian heart
Which the truths of religion alone can impart.
The world, its allurements, must soon pass away,
And, as calm as the twilight at closing of day,
Must our eyes close in slumber, to sleep in the grave,
While above us the night-winds the branches shall wave.

THE SABBATH

A NOTHER Sabbath-day is here,
 'Tis morning's gentle hour,
A holy stillness reigns around—
 It sits on bud and flower.
The very atmosphere we breathe
 Seems purified from Heaven ;
Oh, would we could appreciate
 This boon to mortals given !

Yes, 'tis a blessing thus to have
 One day from out the seven
Of weary work, of toil and care,
 To think and talk of Heaven.
To talk of Heaven, delightful Heaven,
 Our mansion in the sky,
Where parting words are never heard,
 And none are known to die.

Blest foretaste of the land of rest,
 Type of the land of love,
Your moments sweet my spirit wafts
 In thoughts to realms above.
If thus 'tis sweet to dream of Heaven
 In bodies made of clay,
What must it be to realize
 The bliss of "perfect day" ?

My Saviour, let Thy love constrain
My mind to dwell on Thee
'Til every passion of my soul
From taint of sin is free.

Wrapped up completely in Thyself,
'Twere bliss to live in pain,
Or pleasure, as Thou mightst decree;
To die, eternal gain.

THE DREAMER

SOFT the evening zephyrs whispered,
Gentle as the twilight's hour,
Balmy in their lovely fragrance
Breathed from many a beauteous flower,
As, upon a couch reclining,
Lay a fair and lovely boy
Wrapt in folds of peaceful slumber,
Dreaming dreams of future joy.

Years have passed. The storm is raging,
Fearful is the night-wind's moan;
In a chamber, sleeping, dreaming,
Lies a wanderer all alone.
Dreams he of his happy childhood,
Days when all was bright and fair;
Wakes to wish his dream was real—
'Tired of turmoil, strife and care.

THE RAIN

O H ! how grateful seems the rain
To the earth again returning
At the sultry noon tide hour,
When the Summer sun is burning !
How we love to hear its patter
On the roof and 'gainst the pane !
Sweet, reviving, gentle shower ;
Ever welcome, grateful rain.

Oh ! how welcome seems the rain
To the farmer, after ploughing,
As it starts the early seed,
Planted in the furrow, growing !
Every drop a blessing seemeth ;
Sent from Hand of God above,
Who delights to bless His creatures,
Manifesting thus His love.

Oh ! how dreadful seems the rain,
Borne by wild winds' high commotion,
To the sailor in his barque
Out upon the stormy ocean,
As it beats upon his features,
Brown and wrinkled with his toil !
Wishes he the storm was over,
And was hushed the sea's turmoil.

Love I, well, to see it rain,
 Whether in the storm or shower,
Driven by the hurling blast,
 Or when Summer cloudlets lower.
Seemeth it like angels weeping
 O'er the misery of men,
Sympathetic tears of sorrow
 Only poured out freely then.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG—1863

A LL hail to the banner!—the Red, White and Blue!
Glorious watchword of Freedom. Ye patriots true,
Stand by it; uphold it. Let this be your cry:
“We'll crush out rebellion—we'll conquer or die!”

'Tis the flag of our fathers, the ensign that waves
O'er the homes of bold freemen, or else o'er their graves;
Its fair, silvered stars, like the gems of the night,
Shall bright grow and brighter—increasing in light.

Though gory its glory, it still must remain
The Star Spangled Banner, we'll ever maintain.
It shall triumph in war, wave o'er us in peace—
The emblem of Freedom, a Nation's release.

Then go, ye brave soldiers, its broad stripes unfold;
Defend it with vigor, act fearless and bold,
Remembering ever: for Freedom you fight,
The “Star Spangled Banner,” for God and the Right.

THE DYING SOLDIER

GENTLY raise my sinking head,
For I fain would see once more
That bright banner of the free
Ere my day of life is o'er;
Yes, I see it; though 'tis torn,
Yet it trampled ne'er shall be.
What is that you're shouting now,
Comrades? Yes, 'tis victory.

Lay me softly, gently down,
For my strength is sinking fast.
I can calmly, sweetly die,
Now the battle's rage is past;
For our troops have gained the day,
Freedom's God our cause has blest.
Comrades, lay me gently down,
For I now can calmly rest.

Yet another word I'd say:
Comrade, I've a mother dear;
When she hears that I am dead
She will sadly weep, I fear.
Write and tell her that I fell
With my face toward the foe,
Fearing not the battle's rage,
For I loved my country so.

Tell her that I often thought
 Of my happy Northern home,
Where, in childhood's hours, I played—
 Never wishing then to roam;
Tell her I had not forgot
 All the tender words she said—
How she kissed my brow and wept,
 As she stroked my youthful head.

Tell her not to weep, though I
 Sleep beside a Southern stream;
'Tis for Freedom that I die,
 And the offering light I deem.
Tell her that we gained the day,
 Though full many brave ones fell;
Tell her still to trust in God,
 For "He doeth all things well."

ED'S BABY

THE neighbors smiled, and they all seemed glad
When the news went round that "Ed" was a
 "dad";
And no prouder man ever walked the earth
Than "Ed," when he heard of the baby's birth.
'Twas a sweet little cherub, with eyes of blue,
That the light of Heaven itself shone through.
We all told "Ed" 'twas an angel "astray,"
But "Ed" said "it came in the good old way."

JUNE

YOU may tell of the freshness
And verdure of Spring,
When the brooklets chant music,
And bluebirds first sing;
When the meadows are decked
With bright-blossoming flowers,
And Flora sits queen
In the midst of the bowers;
But sweetest to me,
Both in flower and tune,
Are those that are seen
And heard in bright June.

Queen month of the Summer,
Bright crown of the year;
Each rose, not in bud,
But in bloom doth appear.
Like a maid at maturity,
Lovely thou art,
As the charms of thy season
Enchant the glad heart:
For the sun's brightest rays,
And the silvery moon,
Bedeck thee with light—
My own beautiful June.

Midsummer's too sultry,
And Winter's too cold;
March, blustering month,
With its wind is too bold;
While Autumn, though varied,
Yet whispers of grief
In each dying flower
And withering leaf.
So give me the month
When all Nature's in tune—
When the heart's free and light,
In the days of bright June.

Sweep out of the heart
All the gloom of the past;
Life's seasons are changing,
And grief should not last.
Let in the bright sunshine
Of Summer's first days,
And learn joy from the birds
As they chant their sweet lays.
Like bees, cull the sweets
Of life's morning and noon,
And laugh with the flowers
Of beautiful June.

WHAT CARES THE WORLD?

WHAT cares the world for me,
Happy or bowed with grief?
Its selfishness I long have known,
Ask not from it relief.
Its sympathy is false,
And fickle as the wind,
And he who dreams its friendship's true
Must be supremely blind.

Its motto, hope and aim,
Self-interest alone.
Its answer, when you ask for bread,
A serpent or a stone.
Oh! cold and cheerless world,
How many feel thy blight,
Through want and poverty and sin,
And sorrow's gloomy night!

Upon its mercies thrown,
Seems better far to die,
To rest within thy bosom, Earth,
Where none are known to sigh;
To sleep the peaceful sleep
Where willows o'er us wave,
And birds at early morning come
To sing above our grave.

Oh ! Fate, forbid that I
 May e'er the keenness feel
Of poverty, for it would pierce
 My soul like sharpest steel.
And yet how sad to know
 That many, good as I,
Brothers and sons of Adam's race,
 The world pass coldly by !
Because misfortune's blight
 Has settled o'er their life,
And they unequal doomed to bear
 Its selfishness and strife.

But sweet the thought that yet
 All wrong shall righted be,
Where Charity shall bud and bloom
 Throughout Eternity.

This cheering thought sustains
 The poor man on his way,
And bids him look through gloomy clouds
 Of doubt to Heaven's day ;
And though the world is cold—
 Unsympathizing, too—
His hope may reach beyond the stars
 In Heaven's dome of blue.

JESUS WEPT

DO the cares of life seem heavy?
Are its burdens hard to bear?
Does the garment Fate has woven
Seem too coarse for thee to wear?
Murmur not, or go complaining,
Though life's ills have 'round thee crept.
Recollect, when o'er thy sorrows
Meditating, "Jesus wept."

Are you scorned for doing duty,
When, with all your power and might,
You are trying, nobly trying,
To sustain the cause of right?
Never mind, for God is with thee—
He is One who never slept.
He will cheer, protect and keep thee.
In compassion "Jesus wept."

Be thou faithful, God-relying;
Trust Him, on His grace depnd.
Fear not; He will kindly lead thee
Safely to thy journey's end.
When, beside the sorrowing Mary,
Down His cheeks the tear-drops crept,
Ne'er were words more fair and hopeful
Than the saying—"Jesus wept."

I WISH TO DIE IN SUMMER-TIME

I WISH to die in summer-time,
When the roses are in bloom;
When the air, all rife with fragrance,
Yields a “magical perfume”;
When the daisies and the buttercups
Are spread o'er field and plain,
And the lilies and the violets
Are scattered o'er the main.

I would not die in spring-time,
Before the flowers are born,
To spread o'er earth their loveliness,
Which then is in its morn.
I would not leave them in their buds,
As half-expanded flowers;
I'd rather see them blooming fair
In sweet and fragrant bowers.

I would not die in Autumn,
As Nature's bloom decays,
When shrill winds whistle through the trees,
Or chant their requiem lays;
The verdant leaves grown sere and brown,
The forest's beauty fled,
While Nature's choiceest, fairest gems
Are numbered with the dead.

I would not die in Winter,
When earth is robed in snow,
Or chained with ice-bound fetters strong,
And flowers have ceased to grow.
I'd have no birds to sing their songs
Of sorrow o'er my grave,
No verdant trees with drooping boughs
Would o'er my green grave wave.

But I would die in summer-time,
When all is fair and bright;
When earth with fairest verdure's crowned,
And all is life and light.
No Autumn winds, or wintry storms,
Or Spring, with half-blown flowers,
But Summer's gentle breath to waft
My soul to heavenly bowers.

Had I the power to wield the pen
That writes when men shall die,
I thus would write that my life's sun
Should set 'neath Summer sky.
Upon its fragrant, balmy air
My soul would upward rise,
To find, at last, its perfect home—
Its rest beyond the skies.

BOYHOOD'S COUNTRY HOME

O H ! who, in this wide world of care,
 However far they roam,
Cannot look back to youthful days,
 And to a lovelier home ?
How sweet the thought, in manhood's years,
 That once there was a spot
More beautiful than aught on earth—
 The woodbine-shaded cot !

The purling streams that rolled along
 Through banks of richest green,
Where lilies white and roses grew,
 And clambering eglantine ;
Where robin, linnet, bluebird, wren,
 With songs would fill the air,
Seem just as fresh in memory
 As if I now were there.

Oh, happy dreams of youthful days !
 Ye fill my heart with joy ;
And often now I wish that I
 Were once again a boy.
Fame, honor, wealth, ambition, power—
 Seek them, all ye who may ;
But, as for me, the vine-clad cot
 And childhood's sunny day.

HOW FAR?

HOW often, when a boy, I've mused,
And wondered if 'twas far
Above the tree-tops' lofty heights
To yonder shining star !
I little knew its distance then,
Nor dreamed it far away ;
But watched its twinkling with a joy
Not known since childhood's day.

I thought that, 'mid those shining stars
That deck the brow of night,
Roamed angels clad in garments pure,
And spirits fair and bright.
And often, when the day was done,
In childish fancy, I
Would think I saw the angels smile
From out their home on high.

And now, that years have passed away,
And I to man's estate
Have grown, I love in evening's hour
To sit and meditate.
"How far is it to Heaven now?"
The question oft I ask.
And, though I try to answer it,
It proves no easy task.

Too oft it is that cares of life—
 Its hopes, its joys, its fears,
Its smiles of friendship, swift success,
 Its disappointments, tears—
Cause us to quite neglect the thought
 That should be ever nigh:
“That life is given us to prepare
 Our souls, at last to die.”

“How far to Heaven to-night?” I ask.
 Oh! it may not be far.
Disease and Death are lurking 'round;
 Oh! would we ready were!
The time is brief; the distance, too,
 May not, cannot, be far.
Ah! Heaven may be nearer us
 Than yonder shining star.

When on the Cross our Saviour hung,
 He said, in tones of love:
“This day in Paradise thou shalt
 Dwell with thy Lord above.”
’Tis not the journey of a day.
 We've this assurance given:
That when our eyelids close on earth,
 They ope at once in Heaven,

LITTLE GRAVES

LITTLE graves remind us ever
That some little ones have fled
To a waiting Saviour's bosom
Through the portals of the dead.

And they speak a language tender,
Though 'tis silent to our hearts;
And oft, when standing near them,
"The tear, unbidden, starts."

Some mother's joy lies buried
In that narrow house of clay.
Perhaps it was her first-born
The angels bore away.

And her heart was almost broken
When they placed it 'neath the sod,
Though she knew its infant spirit
Sought the bosom of its God.

Very near, indeed, to Heaven
My spirit seems to be
When standing by the grave-mounds
Of buried infancy.

They came but for a moment,
As star-gems sweetly shone,
When Jesus sent the angels
To claim them as His own.

TIME'S FLIGHT

FOUR months have passed since New Year's day,
And here I am in flowery May.
Time, oh ! how rapid thou hast flown !
Heart, oh ! how swift thou'rt carried on
Through years of life, toward the grave,
Where Lethean waters gently lave !

The moments come, the days go by ;
Joys bloom, then vanish with a sigh ;
Friendship, as pure as that above,
Buds—blossoms in the light of love ;
And hearts expand with youthful glee,
Rich in their own sincerity.

To some, life is a flow'ry way ;
To others, 'tis a chequered day.
They realize the full intent
Expressed in poet's sentiment :
“There is a thorn to every rose” ;
A dream to mar each sweet repose.

Help us, oh ! Father, though Thy will
Be what it may, to love Thee still
Should changes come, and days of care,
Or life be bright with sunbeams fair ;
Help us to write “content” above
Each act, and crown Thee God of Love.

“BY-AND-BY”

IN a coming “by-and-by”
Joys shall gladden you and I;
Tears be wiped from many an eye,
In the coming “by-and-by.”

Oh! despair not, weary one!
Ere your day of life is done,
Ere your race is fully run,
Joy shall gild life’s waning sun!

Every life some pleasure knows.
Ere the years draw to a close,
Joy shall blossom like the rose;
Each shall find some sweet repose.

’Tis a saying old, yet right:
That the blackest, darkest night
Darkest is to mortal sight
Just before the morning light.

Is your heart o’ercast with woe?
Pass the hours of life too slow?
Tears, like rain though they should flow,
Will but make life’s flowers grow.

Winter comes before ’tis Spring,
Spring ere Summer birds can sing;
Borne on quick and rapid wing,
Present grief bright joy shall bring.

There's a sometime "by-and-by"
Coming both for you and I.
Rainbow-like, Hope spans the sky;
Clouds of gloom shall quickly fly;
Joy shall bloom where sorrows die.

COMMON SENSE

DON'T forget that nothing is won without an effort
in life.
Don't forget that the jewel, "success," is forged 'midst
toil and strife.
Don't think the goddess "Fortune" comes at your simple
beck and call;
You'll have to woo her night and day, or she'll never
come at all.
Don't forget that nothing's been done but what can be
done again;
Work your destiny out yourself, tho' it costs you toil
and pain.
'Tis pleasure to count the "shekels" won by downright
grit and work,
But never a "shekel" will come, if you idly wait and
shirk.
Have a special object in view, pursue it through thick
and thin;
Although disappointed at times, you'll surely finally
win.

SOME SONGS HAVE POWER TO QUIET

“**S**OME songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,”
Breathed forth in pensive music
Upon the evening air.
They steal with sweet enchantment
Upon the weary soul,
And o'er the languid, drooping heart
Cause melody to roll.

“The banks and braes of ‘Bonny Doon,’ ”
Its simple, time-worn rhyme
Oft takes me back through manhood’s years
To boyhood’s golden time:
The schoolhouse, with its shaded green;
The boys and girls at play.
I sigh that days of “Bonny Doon”
Have long since passed away.

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot”
Recalls full many a name
That’s deeply graven on my heart,
Although unknown to fame.
Some wander far in foreign climes;
Some roam the deep, blue sea,
And some, alas! were long since laid
Beneath the churchyard tree.

"Old Hundred," with its quaint old rhyme,
 Grows sweeter far by age,
Though grandsires, generations back,
 Have thumbed its well-known page.
Sinner and saint, in chorus joined,
 Have each its anthem sung,
And many an old cathedral wall
 Has with its praises rung.

And melting, touching "Home, Sweet Home"
 Will live while memory lasts,
As 'round our hearts in darkest hours
 It sweetest comfort casts.
We sang it in our boyhood's days,
 With scarce its meaning known.
How deep we realize its truths,
 Now that to manhood grown!

Some songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care;
To cause the drooping spirit
 To breathe Hope's purer air;
To fill, with sweet enchantment,
 The weary, aching breast;
To banish present sorrow,
 And give the tired one rest.

REVERIES

O H! Earth, how beautiful art thou,
And yet how changing, too!
Thy wintry frosts destroy the flowers
Once kissed by morning dew.

The balmy days of youthful Spring,
The Summer's gentle hours,
When through the valley zephyrs sweet
Waft incense from the flowers,
Are followed quick by Winter's tread,
As, desolate and lone,
He sweeps adown the mountain-side,
Swift from his frozen zone.

The murmuring streams that gently sang
Sweet music as they flowed,
Meandering through the verdant shade
Of bowers where beauty glowed.

The tuneful notes of choristers,
That dwelt in woodland bowers,
Have ceased; and wait 'til Summer comes
Again—with all her flowers.

Oh! man, how changeable art thou!
How like the Summer flower!
As fickle as its beauteousness,
With all thy pomp and power.

At first the heart is all aglow
With joys of radiant hue;
But soon, alas! they vanisheth
Like Summer's morning dew.

Afar, away in Fancy's realm,
Bright castles rise in view.
Experience soon dispels them all,
While we our fancies rue.

Some bosom friend we fain would find,
In whom we might confide.
We seek, but friendship proves a farce—
Its pleasures are denied.

At first, when fortune favors us,
We seem beset with friends—
Reverses come; our friends depart,
And there our friendship ends.

A friend at noon, a foe at night;
On naught can we rely.
Substantial bliss, unchanging joy,
To find we vainly try.

The changing world, the changing year,
The changing mind of man,
Bring changes oft for changing thought,
And eyes of men to scan.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1863

God bless our noble President,
The ruler of our land;
Direct his steps and then sustain,
With mighty power, his hand.
Help him to lead us through the storm
Of battle's din and noise,
'Til peace, at last, so long desired,
Shall come with all its joys.

God bless our noble President,
A noble man is he,
Well worthy as the leader of
A people brave and free.
With honest heart and steady will,
And mind of right endeavor,
He's just the one to lead our land
'Gainst those who would it sever.

God bless our noble President,
The theme in years to come
Of stalwart men and maidens fair,
By each and all be sung.
Historic then will be his deeds,
Woven in verse and song;
His name a household word become,
To be remembered long.

God bless our noble President,
The champion of our cause;
He spoke the word that broke the power
Of slavery's galling laws.
Then honor to his honored name,
The people's chosen one;
And stand we by him 'til, at last,
Fair Freedom's conflict's won.

A DREAM

BORNE on visions of night down the current of Time,
It seemed that I dwelt in an era sublime.
All turmoil had ceased, and the light of the Lord
Beamed bright o'er a world that acknowledged His word.
Pride and envy had flown with the years that were gone,
And virtue as queen reigned supremely alone.
The records were full of the deeds of the past,
Comotions and wars, with the shrill bugle-blast
Of marshaling armies, contending for gain,
With thousands on thousands of wounded and slain;
From the Garden of Eden, "Man's birth and his fall,
To the Infant Redeemer"—His cradle a stall;
Through the ages succeeding, fast floating away,
To the dawn of the morn of "millennial day."

As I rapidly glanced o'er each well-written page
Of a volume undimmed by the blightings of age,
E'er anon in bold writing there shone forth a name
Made sacred and dear to the annals of fame.
Some as martyrs had died—with the fagots ablaze—
Their hearts filled with glory, their mouths shouting
 praise;
In prisons, on racks, by water and sword,
They had suffered and died for the God they adored.

As defenders of truth, some were honored by fame;
And, carefully reading, I noted each name.
The Apostles shone forth, each and all of them just;
And hundreds of others whose bodies in dust
Had crumbled away, but whose influence shone
More bright and effulgent as ages passed on—
An influence great, in its power sublime;
Acknowledged by all, 'til the ending of Time.

There were names stamped with genius: “Milton’s” ap-
peared,
And “Newton” and “Franklin” and “Fulton,” endeared
To the lovers of science; yea, score upon score
Of those who abounded with wisdom and lore.
There were those who had woven, in verse and in song,
The truths of their times and had battled ’gainst wrong:
“Shakespeare” and “Goldsmith” and “Cowper” and
 “Scott,”
Whose lyrics had lived, and should ne’er be forgot.

I noticed some names had been almost erased
By an inky, black mark o'er the characters placed ;
And, observing more closely, I found they were those
Whose authors had spread desolation and woes.
There were "Nero," the tyrant; and vile "Tamerlane";
All those who delighted in torture and pain;
The thousands whom selfish ambition led on,
Regardless of mischief or misery done.

"Abra'm Lincoln's" and "Washington's" names shone as
bright
As the jets that emblazon the dome of the night;
And hundreds of those who a blessing had been,
By upholding the rights of their dear fellow-men :
"Grant," "Sherman" and "Thomas" and "Sheridan,"
too,
With "Hooker," who fought for the "Red, White and
Blue."
While again, blotted over, I noticed were those
Who the cause of fair Freedom had tried to oppose.

But wars had all ceased, and the glorious time
Had dawned o'er the earth in an era sublime;
Yet, up through the dark, gloomy night of the past,
These names shone with glory that ever would last.
I awoke, found my soul with this thought all elate:
If goodness be greatness, then let me be great;
If deeds of philanthropy last to all time,
I will labor and wait for this era sublime.

MY DREAM

I HAD a dream; oh, a beautiful dream!
 Of a beautiful land of light,
Of a cloudless sky and an azure sea,
 Of a day without sorrow or night.

I dreamed that I saw a beautiful throne,
 And forms of a heavenly mould.
Cherub, and seraph, and angel were there
 In numbers forever untold.

“All honor and praise to the Lord!” they cried;
 “Hosanna to God our King!
Let the echo resound through limitless space,
 While the heavenly arches ring.”

I dreamed that, arrayed in a beautiful robe,
 With beautiful angels in white,
I saw little “Bertie,” who left us below—
 To dwell in those regions of light.

So happy he seemed, as he roamed o'er the plains,
 Or reposed by the banks of life's river,
In bowers of beauty, where Eden's fair flowers
 And roses of Paradise quiver.

I longed to be there, with those fair ones to dwell,
 And to greet little “Bertie” once more,
To roam 'mid the flowers, to sit in the bowers,
 And sing on the heavenly shore.

HOPE

H OPE cheered the storm-tossed mariner
When stormy winds were high,
When billows, lashed with angry foam,
 Laughed at the murky sky.
It cheered him through the hours of night
 And blackness of despair;
Drove out the darkness from his heart,
 And placed a rainbow there.

And thus it cheers the voyager
 On life's uneven sea,
When storms of care and trouble blow
 With stern severity.
It pierceth through the blackening clouds
 Around us and above,
And reads, upon the vaulted sky:
 “Thy Father, God, is Love.”

Oh! give me hope my heart to cheer,
 As on through life I go,
To raise me up, should e'er I sink
 Beneath a weight of woe;
And ever bright and clear to keep
 The prospect to me given
Of meeting loved ones gone before
 Some future time in Heaven.

HOME

YE may talk of eyes of gray,
Soft and soothing in their light;
And of blue eyes shining brightly,
Like the stars at hush of night.
But no eyes to me so bright,
Where o'er all the earth I roam,
As the eyes of black that sparkle
In my sweet and happy home.

YE may talk of features fair,
Forehead broad and snowy white,
Cheeks that rival Summer sunsets
In their wealth of crimson light;
But no feature half so fair,
Whether far or near I roam,
As the pretty face that's waiting
Every night for me at home.

YE may talk of smiles that wreath,
Like a rainbow, 'round the heart,
Drying tears that sorrow causeth
From the weeping eyes to start;
Of the "Day God's" brightest smile
As it shines o'er sparkling foam;
But the brightest smile to me
Is the sunny smile of home.

Ye may talk of voices sweet,
Loud or plaintive in their tone,
Filling hearts with melody
By a sweetness all their own;
But the voice I love to hear,
When the evening shadows come,
Is the one that bids me welcome
To my quiet, happy home.

For my home a haven is
Of serene and calm delight,
Where not a cloud of sorrow
Comes with its withering blight;
For an angel dwelleth there,
And her presence cheers my life;
While the thought is present ever
That this angel is my wife.

HOW FAIR

HOW fair at early morning dawn
Appeared the silver snow
Untouched by tramp of busy feet,
Unsullied in its glow.
'Tis so with life's first opening,
Its rosy childhood hours,
Ere sin, with tainted finger, blurs
Its sweetest, fairest flower.

THE OCEAN

THE ocean beautiful seems
In the haze of morning light,
With its silvery bosom opened wide,
With scarce a ripple upon its tide—
Asleep in its awful might.

The ocean beautiful seems
In quiet of Nature's rest,
When the glinting water reflects the blue,
And the dazzling sunbeams' golden hue
Lies pillow'd upon its breast.

The ocean beautiful seems
When rocked by the wrathful gale,
When the silvery foam in wild spray flies,
And billows, like mountains, rolling, rise,
While the sailor's cheek grows pale.

The ocean beautiful seems
In the Summer's twilight hush;
When the god of day to his couch of rest
Sinks silently down in the crimson west,
Its surface reflects the blush.

The ocean beautiful seems
In a calm, or wrathful storm.
In the twilight hush, or morning light,
'Tis ever an object to please the sight,
Of beauty in grandest form.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

COLUMBIA, the home of the freeman,
The land of the noble and brave,
Thou art Liberty's watchword and signal;
O, long may thy bright banner wave!

We hail thee as Queen of the nations,
Thy throne is fair Justice's domain;
O'er mountain, o'er lake, and o'er valley,
In wisdom still peacefully reign.

Then, hail to Columbia! the fairest,
Most dear, to American hearts;
The land of our birth and adoption,
Thy name full assurance imparts—

That Right shall fore'er be respected;
A brotherhood firmly we stand,
United in hearts and in voices;
All hail to our dear native land!

Chorus

From the North, from the South, the East and the West;
From mountain, hill, valley and plain,
We will shout for Columbia, the land we love best—
“Columbia, the Queen of the Main.”

WAITING FOR THE SPRING

WE are waiting for the Spring;
Tired of frost and snow and sleet,
Winter cannot be too fleet
In its quickness of retreat;
For we long to hear the music
Of the bluebird and the wren,
As, from fields and woody copses,
We shall hear them once again
As they sing.

We are waiting for the Spring;
Winter's rigor long hath been
'Mong the poor, with garments thin—
Cause of suffering, want and sin.
Yes; the poor are patient waiting,
And they shall not wait in vain,
For the changes Time is making
To their homes shall bring again
Sunny Spring.

We are waiting for the Spring,
For its soft and mellow days,
For its sun's enlivening rays,
For the softened twilight haze,
When is heard the cricket's chirping
From the grass beside the door,
When tiny wavelets sparkling,
Loosened, lave the pebbly shore,
Murmuring.

We are waiting for the Spring,
For the bud and bloom of flowers,
For the sunlight and the showers,
For the mantling of the bowers,
When, around each window casement,
Vines shall creep and clamber up,
While the daisy whispers love
To the bright-eyed buttercup—
In the Spring.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

“EAR NELLIE”—when asked in your album to write—
I hardly knew how, when or what to indite.
So I summoned the Muse, and, with pen, ink and paper,
Commenced an effusion as airy as vapor.
But this would not do, as I knew you would scorn it—
Your book required something more rare to adorn it.
So I thought I'd just say
In this rhythmical way
That my hope, wish and prayer
Is, that free from all care
The years of your future may bright grow and brighter,
With a thought now and then of Yours truly,
THE WRITER.

HOME

THE SWEETEST NAME

THE sweetest name I've heard,
The dearest spot I've known,
The idol of my boyhood's days—
Dear, when to manhood grown.

The melody of life,
Within its circles born,
Flows on through years of toil and care,
And blooms 'mid hopes forlorn.

Thou gem of earthly words,
Thy cadence lulls my soul
When dire misfortune's blasts are seen,
And waves of anguish roll.

Thy circle ever true,
Tho' false be all the world,
I'll care not, tho' in wrath its darts
Against my soul are hurled.

There's music in thy sound,
Enchantment in the spell
That rests upon my heart whene'er
I on thy pleasures dwell.

No other name on earth,
To weary mortals given,
Breathes balm upon the soul so sweet,
Or pure, save that of Heaven.

And Heaven itself is home;
The weary spirit sighs,
When done with life's tumultuous scenes.
My home's beyond the skies.
Type of our heavenly home,
E'er may Thy influence tend
To lead us to that blessed home
Where all life's turmoils end.

OH, GIVE ME A HOME!

O H, give me a home by a purling stream,
Where the fair wildflowers grow,
Where the music sweet of the running brook
Is murmuring soft and low.

Where the vines shall clamber above my door,
And the lovely eglantine
Shall, 'neath my window, its sweets exhale
From its bed of mossy green.

Where the birds shall sing at the morning hours,
And throughout the live-long day,
To cheer my soul with their lively notes,
And to chase dull care away.

Yes; give me a home far away from men,
On banks of a purling stream,
Where life, with its golden hours, shall pass
Away like a blissful dream.

EVENING DEVOTION

INTO Thy house, O Lord ! we come,
Thy blessing to implore ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And may we love Thee more.

When two or three together meet,
Thy name to glorify,
Thou'st said Thou wilt a blessing give,
And to each heart seem nigh.

Then come and bless our souls to-night ;
Let living water flow ;
Kindle the fire, and may our hearts
With love seem all aglow.

We seek a Pentecostal shower ;
Give it to us to-night ;
Illuminate our every soul
With holy, heavenly light.

Oh ! breathe upon us from above,
Divinity in Three !
And may we in Thy image shine
To all eternity.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1863

GREAT God! to Thee our grateful hearts
In humble reverence bow,
Praise Thee for blessings manifold,
Entreat Thy mercies now.
Throughout the varied past, Thy hand
Has strewn, with lavish care,
Gifts rich and plenteous o'er our land—
That each and all might share.

Though war and tumult dire has raged,
And patriot blood has flown;
Still, o'er it all and in each act,
Thy guiding hand we own.
To Thee we've looked for victory,
From Thee the chastening rod;
For Freedom's final triumph grand,
We look to Freedom's God.

Inspire our hearts, O God of Hosts!
To look to Thee alone,
Believing that the cause of Right
The God of Right will own.
Help us unwavering to stand
Manfully for the Right,
Until at last the dawn shall come,
When past is conflict's night.

Then ever shall our grateful hearts
Ascend in praise to Thee;
And many weary sons of toil
Rejoice to know they're free.
With thankful hearts for blessings past,
And those we now partake,
We'll trust Thee for the future years,
And love Thce for their sake.

THE RAIN

THE rain has come—the blessed rain
Has refreshed the thirsty earth again;
The flowers blush with their wonted smile,
And verdure crowns the earth the while.

The waving corn has drank its fill,
The yellow grain looks riper still;
The blades of grass have a fresher hue,
And the forest leaves are greener, too.

How many a fervent prayer has gone,
From the pious heart to Mercy's throne,
That God would send the rain to bless
And cheer the fields with its sweet caress.

Then thank His name! It has come at last,
And the threatened curse of drought is past;
For the rain has cheered the thirsty fields,
And greater now shall be their yields.

OH! WHO WOULD CARE?

O H! who would care to live
His lifetime o'er again,
And unsupported have to bear
Its weight of toil and pain?
Life's ocean sometimes smooth,
More oftentimes is tossed
With angry billows, while our hopes
Beneath its waves are lost.

Its childhood—oh! how sweet!—
We all would live again,
And roam 'mid fancy's gilded dreams,
Unknown to care or pain;
But, as our manhood dawns,
Experience dispels
Our fancy's dreams and gilded hopes
That bound us with their spells.

And life's maturer years,
With all the wear and tear
Of blighted hopes and misplaced trust,
And burdening load of care,
Soon tires us with its weariness,
And prompts to seek repose
Where o'er the wearied head shall grow
The daisy and the rose.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Written on the occasion of the Twentieth Anniversary
of Greenpoint Division No. 99, Sons of Temper-
ance, October, 1868, and sung by Dr. Wilbur F.
Sanford.

WE'RE thinking of the past, dear friends;
 Of times long since gone by,
Of many a face that once we knew,
 And many a sparkling eye;
And wondering where they all are now—
 Those friends we used to know,
Who started in the "Temperance cause"
 Just "twenty years" ago.

Our Order is a noble one,
 Our charter from it came,
Our number, brave old "Ninety-nine,"
 And "Greenpoint" is our name.
A fact of some importance, too,
 Dear friends, we'd have you know:
Our charter from to-night dates back
 Just "twenty years" ago.

Our birthnight, then, we celebrate,
 And bid you welcome here.
Our work, the drunkard to reform;
 To stop the widow's tear;

To still the orphan's lonely cry;

To drive out care and woe.

We have a greater work to do

Than "twenty years" ago.

There's many a home now desolate,

And many a hearthstone drear,

And many a heart with anguish wrung,

And many a bitter tear

Caused by the fiend—Intemperance—

The truth too well we know—

That shone with joy and happiness

Some "twenty years" ago.

Then let us work and labor, friends,

The fallen to reclaim;

The drunkard, still a man, although

Unworthy of the name,

Has claims upon our sympathy;

Though sunk so deep and low,

We'll work to raise him where he was

Just "twenty years" ago."

And, in the years that are to come,

We'll do what well we may

To help the cause of "Temperance"

In this, our age and day.

We'll raise the fallen, help the weak,

No matter sunk how low—

Continuing the work begun

Some "twenty years" ago.

Then come and join our ranks, dear friends,
And help the cause along;
Enroll your names with ours, to fight
The Right against the Wrong.
The battle wage, with honest hearts,
'Gainst brandy, gin and rum,
And who can tell the good we'll do
In "twenty years" to come?

SKATER'S SONG

MERRILY onward gliding,
Hearts both light and free,
Over the glassy surface,
More than happy are we.
Swift as the breezes blowing,
Chill from the cold nor'west,
Over the lake we're bounding,
Oh how a skater's blest.

Ye who sit by the fireside,
Fearing the winter's cold,
Ye know not the bounding pleasure
Felt by the skater bold;
The warm blood gushes freely
Throbbing each swelling vein,
Each ruddy fair face beameth,
Never a care to restrain.

THE DEAREST SPOT

EARTH is fair in many places,
But the dearest spot to me
Is a gently swelling grave-mound
Beneath an old elm-tree.
Ye may talk of lofty mountains,
'Gainst whose peaks the clouds are driven;
But, of all the spots of earthland,
This to me seems nearest Heaven.

For, when standing there beside it,
A hallowed sense I feel,
And imagination to my soul
Bright spirits doth reveal.
And they seem to hover near me,
And methinks I hear them saying:
“Thy father’s spirit dwelleth
Where golden harps are playing.”

And I love to linger near it,
For all that’s mortal rests
Of him I called my father
There upon the cold earth’s breast.
This is why this spot seems dearest
Of all earthly spots to me,
For beneath the sod there resteth
One whose spirit now is free.

SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME

FORBID them not—the little ones,
But let them come to God.

The sins of life's maturer years,
With all their guilty load,
Press not upon their youthful hearts.

Life's cup, e'en to the brim,
For them is filled with innocence.

Oh, let them come to Him !

Oh, tell them not to tarry yet,
'Til they have older grown !
Their hearts are young and tender now,
God wants them for His own.

The budding years of early life,
Untouched by frosts of sin,
Will beautify the "fold of God."
Oh, keep their young hearts in !

Say not they cannot understand,
Or know Salvation's plan ;
Their intuition takes the place
Of reason in the man.
Their consciences most tender are,
And good from evil know,
And sin more easily o'ercome
Than when they older grow.

Then suffer all the little ones
Their Saviour to draw near;
And tell them of His wondrous love,
And teach them to revere.
Their riper years will then unfold
As fragrant blossoms given
To beautify God's fold on earth
And bloom at last in Heaven.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRESENT

THE beautiful Present—its mem'ry shall linger
Down through the years as they onward shall roll;
Life's Spring-time and Summer, all blended in beauty,
With every emotion to gladden the soul.

No Past half so bright as the beautiful Present,
No future more fair than the beautiful now.
Remembrance or Hope cannot fill the heart's longing,
The fairest of wreaths spans reality's brow.

Why sigh o'er the Past, or why long for the Future?
The one has gone by, and the other's too dim.
Let us act in the Present as if its few moments
Were filling life's cup to its uttermost brim.

So acting, so living, the future before us,
If far off extending, or brief in its years,
Will be as the Present—a feast of contentment—
For duty performed leaves no harvest of tears.

IN MEMORIAM

Written on the Death of "Archy," the Infant Son of
Nat. W. and Fanny Foster.

THE flower that yields the sweetest breath
Is sought and soonest claimed by Death.
So they whose lives breathe sweet perfume
Oft droop and find an early tomb.

The balmy walks of Eden's bowers
Are strewn with many earth-born flowers.
They bloom more sweet, they grow more fair,
Since God, in wisdom, placed them there.

Our children oft are flowers rare,
For earthly gardens far too fair.
Then God's own wise and gracious hand
Transplants them to the Spirit Land.

Take comfort, dry your weeping eyes;
"Archy" now dwells in Paradise,
Amid a host of angels bright—
Thy cherub-boy has winged his flight.

For you he'll watch and, longing, wait
By jasper walls and pearly gate,
And be the first to clasp your hand
When you have gained the Spirit Land.

Then let the thought that he has gone
More firmly bind your hearts as "one,"
Resolved to gain that blissful shore
Where "Archy's" only gone before.

THERE'S MANY A NAME

THERE'S many a name whose cadence sweet
My spirit loves to hear,
And many a heart whose genial warmth
Would bid me cast out fear.
'Tis true I know that friendship's sweet,
Its boon we deeply prize,
But far beyond its richest depths
Unfathomable lies
The deep and holy chord of Love,
Unseen by wayward minds,
But he who constant, earnest seeks
The heavenly virtue finds.

Its centre is the seat of bliss,
Its home the heart of man;
Its power, e'en in the mind of God,
His justice far outran.
'Tis heard in beauty o'er the deep;
It dwells in sailor hearts;
It thrills the maiden's soul with bliss;
It coldness 'sunder parts.
It yet shall float in every breeze,
O'er mountain, vale and dell,
'Til man to man, united, once
Again in love shall dwell.

AWAY, O'ER THE OCEAN SAILING

A WAY, o'er the ocean sailing,
Far out on the calm, blue tide,
On billows and blue waves rolling,
O'er the expanse far and wide,
There's many a staunch ship sailing,
With her sailors bold and brave;
They dread not the storm-king's howling,
They fear not a watery grave.

Accustomed to wind and weather,
They're happy, contented and free;
No dwelling to them like the staunch old ship,
No home like the rolling sea.
The clear, free air of the bounding main,
The glitter of sparkling waves,
Are brighter and purer, by far, to them
Than the gold which the miser craves.

The whisper of zephyrs gently,
The moan of the howling storm,
Have music alike to their list'ning ears
And beauty in every form.
With blue above and the blue beneath,
With their hearts all free from care,
They know no home but the bounding sea;
No place can with this compare.

THE POOR

God pity the homeless poor,
The cold and shivering ones !
How swift the sand from the glass of life,
Hastened by hunger, runs !
The pale and shrunken form,
The dim and lustreless eyes
Were once all fair, once shone as bright
As the star-gems of the skies.

A plea for the homeless poor
That wander about to-night,
Clothed in rags all tattered and torn—
A cheerless, pitiful sight.
No matter from whence they came,
Or who they are, or were,
They're children of the self-same God
As we, and deserve our care.

God knoweth their low estate,
And blesses the heart that strives,
By acts of love and kindly words,
To cheer their humble lives ;
And many a deed unknown
To the world as it passes by
Is written down in life's fair book
And registered on high.

This life is a journey brief;
And whether in weal or woe
We spend its hours, to self-same tomb
The beggar and king must go;
Then let us share our joys
With a brother and friend in need,
With a willing heart and ready hand,
And God will bless the deed.

SUMMER

SUMMER days are filled with beauty,
Summer hours are bright and fair,
Sunshine here and sunshine yonder,
Perfume floating everywhere.
Birds from tree tops singing gaily,
Laughing brooklets murmuring too,
Each one vying with the other
In its efforts to outdo.

All around a verdant mantle
Spreads o'er hill top, valley, plain,
Interspersed by blooming flowers
And rich fields of golden grain.
Summer fair, I love thy coming,
Bless thee while thou dost remain,
Saddened feel when thou art going,
Sigh for thy approach again.

PRESSED FLOWERS

In a faded old volume I've placed you, sweet flowers,
To recall, in the future, the Present's sweet hours;
Through the long Summer days 'neath my window ye've
 bloomed,
While the air with thy fragrance was sweetly perfumed.

From the tiniest shoot I have watched you with care,
And seen you grow up in the warm Summer air;
I have watched as the sun kissed his gentle good-night,
And the dew on your petals as diamonds was bright.

Thou wilt fade, "Lady Slipper," thy beauty decay;
And thou, pretty "Daisy," I've laid thee away;
But memory will cling with a pleasant regret
On the bower where ye grew with my sweet "Mignonette."

Life's scenes, ever changing, may bring darker hours,
Life's pathway be strewn with no sweet Summer flow-
 ers;
Then, though faded, thou'l bring me sweet moments
 of bliss,
As through sorrow I think of a Summer like this.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

I WOULD not stoop to flatter,
Nor yet to speak untrue,
While I tell you, "Libbie A."
What I truly wish for you.
It is not that the gilded wreath
Of wealth alone may twine,
Or to its hollow joys your heart
May anxiously incline.
Or would I have your mind enwrapt,
Or bowed with earnest will
Before the empty sound of fame—
It charmeth but to chill.
Ambitious minds oft reckless prove,
I would not have yours so;
Fame's but a tinkling cymbal,
To charm, as well you know.
But I would have you happy:
Your life a murmur'ring stream
That glides in music on its way,
Like some meandering dream;
That hides from view whate'er is dark,
Or gloomy to behold,
While calm and placid on its face
By gentle wavelets rolled.
I would that truth and virtue
Your angel-guards might be;

That all the graces of the good
Their queen might find in thee.
That purity of purpose,
Honesty of heart and mind,
Might sweetly blend, and in thy life
Exemplification find.

OUR COUNTRY

OUR country: not since Eden bloomed beneath the
smile of God
Has ever land more fair than thou by foot of man been
trod;
Thy fertile valleys, boundless plains, with rich luxuri-
ance teem,
Thy mines of wealth surpass by far the wild enthusi-
ast's dream.
May bands of union strong as chains of adamant pre-
vent
Through all the years of future time one thought of
discontent.
Thy banner with its field of stars forever float as free
As now it waves in Heaven's breeze, "Emblem of
Liberty."

OH! DASH THE WINE-CUP DOWN!

O H! Dash the wine-cup down!
Its ruby nectar kills.

'Twill blight the fairest hopes of life,
Make care and pain and sorrow rife.
For sake of children, sake of wife,
Dash down! Dash down
This cup of teeming ills!

Oh! Dash the wine-cup down!

It sparkles but to blight.
'Twill lure thee on from life's fair way,
And cause thy feet from truth to stray;
Its joy is fleeting as a day—
Then ends, then ends
In dark and hopeless night.

Oh! Dash the wine-cup down!

A demon lurks therein.
Though dazzling to the eye it seems,
'Twill fill thy brain with madd'ning dreams;
Its every drop with poison teems.
Dash down! Dash down
This cup of woe and sin!

Oh! Dash the wine-cup down!
Young man with prospects fair.
'Twill make thy intellect a wreck,
Thy brow with sorrow's thorns bedeck.
With it, despair thou mayst expect.
Dash down! Dash down
This cup of "life-long care"!

Oh! Dash the wine-cup down!
Tempt not thy brother, friend.
Drink not his health with ruby wine,
Nor ask him thus to drink to thine.
'Tis death you see within it shine—
Not life, not life!
'Twill curse thee to the end.

Oh! Dash the wine-cup down!
Young man and maiden fair.
Let water, clear and cool and free,
From Nature gushing joyously,
The sweetest draught appear to thee.
'Twill bless, 'twill save
Thee many an anxious care.

THERE IS A STAR

THERE is a star whose genial ray
Shines through the gathering gloom,
And lights the path of mortal man
Afar beyond the tomb.
It is the Star of Hope; it gleams
Radiant and ever bright;
It is the "sometime" yet to come,
The future's beacon light.

It cheers the honest husbandman
When at his daily toil;
A harvest rich it promises
From out the yielding soil;
It tells him that the Summer's sun,
The Spring-time's gentle rain,
Shall ripen fast, and yield him large
And plenteous stores of grain.

It cheers the sailor o'er the deep,
On ocean's wide domain;
He sings: "I'm homeward bound"—while swift
His barque sweeps o'er the main;
It whispers of a little home
Beneath the woodbine shade,
Where little forms have knelt for him,
And little lips have prayed.

It is the anchor of the soul,
The Christian's life and joy;
It points him to a land of love,
Of bliss without alloy.
It tells him of a glittering crown
When done with sorrow here,
A home beyond cold Jordan's flood,
Where ne'er is seen a tear.

DEFIANCE

YE may grind me down with poverty,
And rack my form with pain;
But all unfettered by your rage
My manhood will remain.
I still defy your taunting jeers,
I care not for your scorn,
I yet shall live to make you curse
The day that you were born.

NEW YEAR OF 1863

HOW pure, how fair, how beautiful
Appears our earth to-day!
For snowy wreaths of beauteous white
On mead and hilltop lay.
Then sing, my heart, be joyful;
Be gone each gloomy fear,
For this is Freedom's natal day.
“All hail!” the glad New Year.

The bright sunlight is streaming;
A thousand sparkling gems
Are glittering on the tree-tops,
Like pearls in diadems.
Then rouse, ye sons of Freedom!
And sound the merry cheer,
For a Nation breathes more freely
On this bright, glad New Year.

How pure and emblematic—
A Nation clothed in white;
Its swaddling bands of infancy
Just 'merged from slavery's night.
Then raise your voices, freemen!
For Right has now its way,
And the glad New Year's jubilant—
'Tis Freedom's “natal day.”

From Mississippi's waters,
And Savannah's turbid stream,
Where Southern sunlight lingers,
Like a Summer noonday's dream,
A thousand hearts are waking
To notes of gladsome cheer,
And ten thousand hearts are singing:
"We're free, this glad New Year!"

HOW FICKLE EVERY EARTHLY THING!

HOW fickle every earthly thing!
There's not a joy without its sting,
Or rose without its thorn.

There's not a day without its night,
However beauteous or bright
It shone upon its morn.

There's not a smile, a simple smile,
That comes to cheer, or to beguile,
But also has its tear.

E'en rays of hope that fill the breast
Are followed by a dim unrest,
And feeling sad of fear.

I would not trust a single man,
Though he of men should lead the van,
And be accounted true.

For friendship's fickle, hearts are vain,
And confidence I'd e'er disdain,
And trust not e'en a few.

On God and self I must rely,
And every earthly power defy
This simple trust to shake.
Confident that when life is o'er,
And I have left this earthly shore,
In Heaven I shall awake.

FLOWERS THAT WE LOVE

WE love the modest violet,
In garb of green arrayed;
'Tis found along the river-side,
Or in the vernal shade.

We love the pretty daisy
And buttercups that grow
O'er field and verdant meadow,
With beauty all aglow.

We love the fragrant roses,
So varied in their hue;
They speak of love in language
So tender and so true.

We love the fair geranium,
Its scarlet flower so small,
Its fragrant leaf and tiny stem;
Its language most of all.

We love the white chrysanthemum,
Of friendship's gift the token;
So pure in all its loveliness
Of innocence bespoken.

We love the bright anemone,
The goddess fair of beauty;
So coy in all its tenderness,
Reminding still of duty.

We love the crimson amaranth
That blooms in Autumn's hour;
Immortal still when life itself
Hath left the beauteous flower.

We love the pure, sweet lavender
That changeth not its hue,
That still retains, 'mid storm and shade,
Its meek and modest blue.

We love the woodbine cluster—
Fraternal love it speaks—
Disdaining earthly grovelings,
Its upward course it seeks.
But there's a flower I love the best—
The queen of all the plain;
'Tis found in every valley green;
Its home the eastern main.

It has a fair and modest face,
An unpretending queen;
The crowning virtue of its life
Is modesty, I ween.
It is the "lily of the vale";
Of which the Saviour said
That Solomon, with all his pomp,
Was not like it arrayed.

AUTUMN

A UTUMN, sad and drear, they call thee,
With thy sere and yellow leaf;
Chide thee for thy chilly breezes,
Making Summer far too brief.
But to me thou'rt clothed with beauty,
Varied colors tinted rare,
As thy purple leaf and golden
Quivers on the frosty air.

Thou dost crown our fields and woodlands
With a wreath surpassing fair;
Forest-top and modest rose-leaf
Change from green to colors rare;
Orange, red and purple beauty,
Interposed with golden shades,
Form a picture rich with splendor
For our valleys, hills and glades.

Painter, artist, could not picture
In his mind a richer scene
Than a grand autumnal sunset,
With its gorgeous-tinted sheen.
Crowned with more than royal beauty,
With imperialistic glow,
Autumn, queen of all the seasons,
At thy shrine thy sisters bow.

Now the Spring and Summer seasons
Bring their trophies to thy shrine;
Lay them down before thy beauty;
Fruit and flower sweet combine.
Autumn, fair of all the seasons,
Thou art still the one for me,
With thy mantle rich and golden
Cast o'er field and forest-tree.

EXCELSIOR!

YOUNG man, be up and doing!
Wring from the world a name;
Bid idleness and sloth depart;
Climb up the hill of Fame.
Resolve to be a hero
In what you undertake;
Be first in line of battle—
Active and wide-awake.

Forget the past; press onward;
The present is your own.
Resolve each evening's sunset
Shall find new duties done.
'Tis only by endeavor,
By stern and earnest will,
You can succeed in climbing
Fame's steep and rugged hill.

Yet, with a manly purpose,
And mind that knows not fail,
No barrier can interpose
But which you may not scale.
Care not for idle jeering;
All flattery despise.
“Excelsior!” your motto,
Onward and upward rise.

THE POET

MY home is away on the mountain-top,
Where the clouds, with their snow-wreaths resting, stop;
Down its rocky side, on a jutting crag,
Where the winds, in their downward marches, lag;
At its base, in the valley far below,
Where brooklets, tiny brooklets, flow.
I follow their course as they wider grow;
Rapid and onward still they flow,
As they glide along 'twixt banks of green,
As fair as the eye has ever seen.

O'er the verdant plain I wander free;
Repose for awhile 'neath a linden-tree.
Pressing still on, with glee I pass
Through fields of high, rich prairie grass;
Cull flowers of varied color and hue,
From the lily white to the violet blue;
From their petals fair sip Fancy's gem,
And fling to the world bright thoughts of them;
Gaze on the wind-waved golden grain,
And rejoice to know 'tis the farmer's gain.

On the wings of light I soar aloft,
Where the Summer clouds are floating soft;
On their billowy couch repose my head,
By spirits of air my chariot led;

I follow the comet's fiery track,
Far away in space, and then come back
To witness a storm sweep o'er the earth ;
The lowering clouds that gave it birth,
The golden light of the other side,
Where the sun is shining far and wide.

Then out on the ocean's briny foam,
Where the sea-nymphs freely, wildly roam ;
'Way down in its depths—far, far below,
Where the coral-beds and the lichens grow ;
Into the caves where the mermaid sleeps,
Where the tall, rank seaweed, mourning, weeps
O'er the bones of sailors bold and brave,
Who have found a tomb in an ocean cave.
Wherever the mind can think and see,
If you notice close, you'll there find me.

NIGHT

A NOTHER day is o'er,
A day of toil and strife,
A battle's fought, a vic'try's won,
The conflict's scene is life.
Soon, very soon, I shall lie down
Upon my bed to rest,
To dream, perhaps, oh! may it be
Of mansions of the blest.

'Tis well that darkness comes
Anon to end the day,
For man must rest from busy cares
Which slumber takes away.
"Tis well we have one day in seven—
To rest," says ancient lore,
But I would add 'tis well we have
Twelve hours in twenty-four.

Then welcome, balmy rest,
Kind angels, guard my bed,
Father above, receive my thanks,
And may I e'er be led
Through life by Thy unerring hand
Till all its toils are o'er,
When I shall gain that endless rest
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

DISCONTENT

D ISCONTENT
Is ever blent
With the blessings God has sent
Poor, unhappy mortals.
Why not praise, with thankful hearts,
Every blessing God imparts?
Why go grumbling, every day,
All along life's flowery way
Up to Heaven's portals?

Those most blest
Are those who rest
With contentment in their breast—
Life's enduring treasure;
Having little, little crave;
Making most of what they have;
Find, in acts and kindly deeds,
In supplying others' needs,
Real, heartful pleasure.

Rain may pour,
And thunder roar,
Yet the rainbow, bending o'er,
Cheers us with its beauty.

Though the rose has thorns, it blooms
With the richest of perfumes.
All around in Nature seems
Clothed in Beauty's pleasant dreams.
Let us do our duty.

God above
Is one of love.
Every act of His shall prove
 Best for our condition.
Let us be content and sense
Every act of Providence;
Work and labor, keep in view—
Praise to God is ever due:
 Thus fulfil our mission.

THE "STONE HOUSE ON THE HILL"

UPON a gentle eminence, far from the city's din,
There stands a cottage built of stone, and cheerful 'tis within;
Around it grow the locust-trees, and sweet the babbling rill
Rolls on to cheer the inmates of the "Stone House on the Hill."

The music of its tiny waves, as murmuringly it glides,
Or forms itself in eddies, or rolls in swifter tides,
Seems melody to waken, as all else is calm and still,
In the quiet shades of evening, by the "Stone House on the Hill."

The early birds of morning, with their songs so blithe and gay,
From tree-top, hedge, and fencees, usher in the new-born day;
While the farmer, hale and hearty, with a true and honest will,
Goes forth to labor in the field by the "Stone House on the Hill."

The farmer has three noble sons, a neat and pretty wife,
Who strives, with all her gentle ways, to bless his humble life;

They dwell in love together, and strive, with heart and will,
To fill with peace and joy the halls of the "Stone House
on the Hill."

His house is one of order, and his barn with plenty
teems;
His days are spent in usefulness, his nights in pleasant
dreams;
He daily reads his Bible, and its pages doth instill
New life and hope in hearts that dwell in the "Stone
House on the Hill."

His sons are taught to tread the path of Wisdom's holy
ways,
And in the service of their God to consecrate their days.
Long may they live in happiness, and evermore fulfill
The laws of God, while yet they dwell in the "Stone
House on the Hill."

THE OLD MAN

HIS eye has lost its lustre,
His strength begins to fail;
The furrows on his face bespeak
A sad, tho' truthful, tale.
Now he leans upon his cane,
Not upright as before;
His step has lost the quickness
That it had in days of yore.

He climbed Life's sunny hillside
While youth was in its prime,
As impulse with ambition vied
In youth's bright summer-time,
When its beacon Hope beheld,
In the distant future days,
His name by fame surrounded,
Claiming men's respect and praise.

But now his step is feeble,
His voice less firm and clear,
And, rippling down his aged cheek,
There oftentimes flows a tear;
A tear for loved ones lost,
A sigh for joys now fled,
That long ago were numbered
With the still and silent dead.

And, yet, old age is sweet,
For the murmuring of each wave
That falls upon his listening ear
The shores of Heaven lave.
And the hope of meeting those
Who have crossed the stream before
Must fill the heart with pleasure
As we near the solemn shore.

TO NELLIE AND HARRY ON THEIR
WEDDING-DAY

IN June the “birds” are mating,
In June the “roses” bloom,
In June the budding “gardens”
Yield a “magical perfume,”
And hearts are throbbing lightly
As “Cupid” throws his darts,
Or clasps, in links eternal,
The love of two young hearts.

Whom God has joined together,
Asunder none should part.
’Twould be, indeed, most cruel
To sever heart from heart.
But where Love’s chains are golden,
And motive clean and pure,
The love-cementing marriage
Will evermore endure.

So here’s a “health” to “Nellie”;
A “toast” to “Harry,” too:
“Through all the bright days coming
May both prove leal and true;
And should the skies e’er darken,
May it prove but passing cloud;
But never for a moment
Your hearts with grief be bowed!

“May the circle of your friendships
 Enlarge with passing years,
And the joy that now enwraps you
 Ne’er be dimmed with bitter tears.
May Hope find full fruition
 In the prospects bright of Life,
Now that Rector ‘Page’ pronounces:
 ‘Henceforth you’re man and wife.’ ”

“SILENT, LUSTROUS BEAUTY!”

“SILENT, lustrous beauty!”
We see it glowing bright
In the stars that twinkle ever
 In the blue, arched dome of night,
In the moonlight soft and tender,
 In the twilight’s gentle haze,
In the spangle of the dewdrops
 Glittering in the morning’s rays.

In the petals of the flowers,
 In the lily’s fragile cup,
Whence the wild bee, in its roaming,
 Loves her honeyed store to sup ;
In the fresh, expanding rosebud ;
 Yea, the daisies of the field,
Common though they seem to many,
 “Silent, lustrous beauty” yield.

“Silent, lustrous beauty!”
 Radiant in a maiden’s face ;
Silent, queenlike, all-absorbing—
 All-enchanting in its grace ;
With eyes of dreamy splendor,
 With forehead white as snow,
And cheeks with crimson beauty
 Making features all aglow.

“Silent, lustrous beauty!”
All around us we behold
Through the wide domain of Nature,
And in “Art’s” less perfect mold;
In the sunshine and the rainbow,
In the tempest, in the calm
We can see the beauteous workings
Of the wondrous great “I am.”

THE PASSING THRONG

I STOOD upon the sidewalk,
And watched the teeming throng
Of mortals as they passed me,
Each hurrying along.
Some faces bore the impress
Of youth and beauty fair,
While some had lines of sorrow,
And furrows made by care.

Each cherished some ambition,
Some goal unreached, desired ;
Some summit in the future,
To which their thoughts aspired ;
And each was plodding onward,
With throbbing brow and heart,
In the world's great drama acting
Life's stern and real part.

And thus the thought came o'er me :
Must all this vast array
Of youth, of age, of infancy
From earth soon pass away,
And tread the solemn portal
Where reigns the monarch Death,
Who bathes in dark oblivion
Earth's mortals with his breath ?

Ah, yes, it is oblivion,
As far as mortal sight
Can penetrate the blackness
Of Death's still solemn night.
But Faith lights up the pathway
And through it we behold
Beyond the narrow portal
The streets of "shining gold."

Yes, all must pass the portal,
The rich in gilded state
Must drop each gay adornment
While entering the gate,
The peasant stoop no lower
Than king or knighted head,
For each a common platform
Is the palace of the dead.

Earth's mortals wan and weary
May each a rest obtain,
And with our blessed Saviour
A heavenly mansion gain;
And thus the prayer ascended,
While gazing on the throng,
Lord, Thou hast bought them, save them,
For they to Thee belong.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL

AFFLICITION is the crucible
In which our hearts are tried,
And 'tis the greatest mercy oft
That pleasures are denied.
Could we short-sighted mortals
But lift the veil, and gaze
Through mysteries of Providence,
We Providence would praise.

Remember it is written :
“He doeth all things well,”
Let this divine assurance
All vain misgivings quell ;
And should the cloud of sorrow
At times your life o’ercast,
Look forward to the future,
’Twill soon be overpast.

Didst ever note the rising,
In summer midday sky,
Of clouds of inky blackness
From whence forked lightnings fly ?
Didst ever think how golden
The side you could not see ?
Oh, grieve not o’er thy sorrows,
There’s a sunny side for thee.

True hearts like purest metal,
Severest test must stand,
Be pliant, oh, ye mortals
 In the Master Moulder's hand,
You are but being fashioned
 As gems to deck His crown
When He maketh up His jewels,
 He'll claim you as His own.

PASSION

WILL of iron, heart of rock,
Feeling not the world's great shock.
Adamantine firmness shown,
Mind intrenched on reason's throne.

What can shake a firm resolve?
What can change it? what absolve?
Not an attribute of man,
Save where "passion" leads the van.

"Passion," 'tis the haughty king,
Rules and governs everything.
Monarch of this world has been,
Governing the minds of men.

Oft we see it clothed in light,
Glorious in power and might;
Working as Love's chosen friend,
To subserve a glorious end.

Then anon 'tis dark and deep,
Plotting when the world's asleep.
Foaming, seething, in its rage
Like a prisoned beast in cage.

"Passion, son of man, control,
Or 'twill damn your very soul;
But controlled with temper even,
Will exalt thee, high as heaven.

THE NORTH

THEY may boast in the East of their diamonds rare;
The West may the gems of its mines compare;
The South may proclaim, "I am richer, by far,
Than all, with my pearls from the ocean afar;
But, list! I will tell thee—let the saying go forth,
The wealth of the world is the wealth of the North.

I have heard of the sunshine, the sweet-scented bowers
Of the South, with its numbers of gardens and flowers;
They have told me the East, orientally fair,
Can well with the West in its beauties compare;
But, list! I will tell thee—let the saying go forth.
There's no land so fair as the land of the North.

I have seen dark-eyed maidens, with cheeks all aglow,
From the land where the "father of waters" doth flow;
Fair Italy's daughters are charming and fair,
And the pride of the South is its beauty so rare;
But, list! I will tell thee—let the saying go forth
The fairest of maidens are found in the North.

There are dark-rolling rivers which steadily glide
Through the land of the East, to its borders so wide;
There are streamlets and fountains and silver lakes calm
In the West and the South, midst their breezes of balm;
But, list! I will tell thee—let the saying go forth,
The fairest of waters are found in the North.

I have heard of the victors, of Southern might,
Of the chivalry brave of some Eastern knight;
I have heard of the daring on Western frontier,
Of the stout hardy braves that know nothing of fear;
But, list! I will tell thee—let the saying go forth,
The bravest of the men are the men of the North.

The kings of the East may their mandates proclaim,
While the “lords” of the South may rejoice in the name;
The West may proclaim, “I am stronger than all,
For mine is the land of the emigrant’s call;”
But list! I will tell thee—let the saying go forth
The kings of the world are the men of the North.

The North, the North! oh, the beautiful North,
Where the mountains rise high and the streamlets gush
forth;
Where, reposing in safety ’neath Liberty’s tree,
Thy people are happy, contented and free;
Then East, West, and South, let the mandate go forth,
The pride of the world is the land of the North.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE WEATHER

THE day-god rose in brilliancy
On yester morning fair,
And mellow seemed the atmosphere,
So buoyant was the air;
But as the hour meridian
Drew on, the sunlight fled,
And hopes that bloomed with radiancy
Lay blighted, withered, dead;
For the rain came pouring down
And the streets about the town
Seemed like rivers, mad with water, mud and slime.
And 'twas worth your very life
To be out amid the strife
Of the elements on such a gloomy time.

So youth in all his loveliness
Starts out upon the race,
With buoyancy within his heart
And sunshine on his face.
But far too often middle age
Finds promises unkept,
While o'er a wayward boy in grief
A loving mother's wept,
For the seeds of truth were lost
In the passions, tempest-tossed,
And impulse reigned where judgment should have been,
And his follies, like the weeds,
Sowed their own disgraceful seeds,
While his manhood reaped the fruit of early sin.

A SUMMER WISH

I LONG to roam the forest wilds
And sit beside the streams,
To pass anon an hour or two
In summer noonday dreams.
My soul is tired of business cares,
I long for some sweet spot
Where rest may sweet contentment bring,
And care may be forgot.

The summer's burning sun pours down
Upon each city street,
And toil seems stamped upon the face
Of every one I meet.
The city is "man's workmanship,"
Give me the country fair,
"God's handiwork," with running brooks;
And pleasant wholesome air.

Could I but tread the fragrant paths
And fields I used to roam
In youth's fair morn, a happy child,
Around my boyhood's home.
I'd feel a joy not felt in years
And gladsome bound with glee,
For manhood knows no hour so sweet
Or season half so free.

BE CONTENT

GI VE man the power, and what he'll do
No mortal tongue can tell,
Heap crime on crime, and ponder thoughts
Worse than in demons dwell.
God made him capable of deeds
Of highest order given,
Acts that would catch an angel's smile
And crown him heir of heaven.
In essence as an agent free
To choose the good or evil,
To serve the God that gave him breath
Or imitate a devil.

Why grumble at misfortune's lot
Should it your life o'erspread,
Perchance it may be for the best
God reigneth overhead.
Wealth might your sure damnation be,
Be strong and brave and true,
Content to breast the ills of life,
Ready to dare and do.
If poor, thank God your life is cast
Beyond temptation's power,
To lord it o'er your fellowman,
For life's brief transient hour.

Sigh not for wealth, or fame or power,
 Stations of high degree!
Fame's devotee's are slaves to it
 Thank God you still are free.
Rejoicing in an honest name,
 Scorn deeds of shame and sin,
And prove yourself a nobleman
 From being pure within.
“Earth's sweetest flowers are lowliest born,”
 Seeds cast upon the waters
Shall all be gathered “bye and bye”
 To bless earth's sons and daughters.

THE TRULY INNOCENT

I HAVE watched a wreathing smile
 O'er gentle features play
Like the streakings of the sunlight
 At the first rich gush of day;
And a joy unsought, unbidden,
 Sympathetic filled my breast,
As I've felt the truly innocent
 Were the ones most truly blest.

WHEN SLEEP HAS CLOSED MY EYELIDS

WHEN deep sleep has closed my eyelids
And the busy thoughts of day
From my overburdened spirit
Have all been thrown away.
'Tis then my spirit heareth
Voices that familiar seem,
And my father's form appeareth,
I see him in my dream.

And my eyes are filled with weeping
When I wake and find him not,
For a thousand thoughts come o'er me
That can never be forgot.
How he cared for me in boyhood
Strove my youthful feet to guide;
Ere life's thorny path I'd trodden
And the world was yet untried.

How he praised each humble effort,
And looked on me with pride;
Believing that the future
Would be but a silver tide.
How we talked and sang together
In the Sabbath twilight gloam,
Little thinking then my father
Was so near his heavenly home.

Yet I love to dream I'm near him,
'Tho I wake and find him not,
For the moments pass with pleasure
When reality's forgot.
Then the present is forgotten,
And the lovely past doth seem
Often clothing with its beauties
The objects of my dream.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME

FAR away amid the mountains,
Hillocks, meads and valleys green,
Landscapes rich in verdant beauty,
Fairest that I've ever seen,
Stands the cottage of my father,
Though afar from it I roam,
Memory shall ever cherish
Thoughts of loved ones in that home.

Though life's storm at times surround me,
And its sun may cease to shine;
Though the vines of care and sorrow
Round my heart should seem to twine,
Yet the sweet and gentle cadence
To my heart shall ever come,
Of the voices of the loved ones
In my far-off mountain home.

JESUS ONLY

CHRISTIAN, are you sad and weary?
Lone and desolate and dreary?
Have the clouds obscured thy vision
Of the golden fields Elysian?
Look above thee, none can help,
When thou'rt sad, dejected, lonely;
None can drive away the clouds,
None can help but "Jesus only."

When upon the raging water,
Peter's faith began to falter,
On that dark and troubled sea—
Wild, tempestuous Galilee—
Peter saw that none could help,
On the waters bleak and lonely;
Raised his voice in prayer, and saw,
Right before him, "Jesus only."

He can calm the stormy billow;
Make as "down" the dying pillow.
Calm the pulse and still the fever
Of the penitent believer.
Then above thee look for help,
When thy heart is sad and lonely;
None can bid the soul rejoice
With delight, save "Jesus only."

When the earth shall part asunder,
As the trumpet's awful thunder
Shall proclaim that Time is ending,
With eternity is blending;
When mankind its sentence waits,
Christian, thou shalt not feel lonely:
For upon the judgment seat,
Who shall sit, but "Jesus only."

TO DR. H. W. ENNIS ON HIS MARRIAGE

MAY this be the day, the month, the year,
Of a golden start in a new career,
May your heart find comfort, your mind find rest,
And your wedding to-day by God be blest;
With a hope and a wish for a future thrifty,
I enclose as a start my modest "Fifty."

PERFECTION

WE find it not in palaces
Or dome-like structures grand;
'Tis not in lofty pinnacles,
Or churches of our land.
I've searched in vain to find it
In "arts" designing halls,
In Rome's imperial city
With gilded frescoed walls.

And I have not been able
In strife of city's din
To find it in the marts of trade
Where virtue seems a sin.
E'en thoughts of men are evil,
And prone to sin are hearts,
No wonder then that evil deeds
Crowd in our business marts.

Though "Art" doth not possess it,
And men themselves not pure;
Yet nature teems with beauty
And here it is secure.
Go note the Rose's blushes,
The Lily's spotless cheek,
And in them read perfection
In language pure and meek.

The God that made the lilies,
And shaped each rosebud fair,
Made man once pure and happy,
Perfect as angels are;
But sin the demon cursed him
While flowers escaped the blight,
And the roses bloom as lovely
As when Earth first saw light.

Yes, go to nature's garden,
And read perfection there.
Study each well formed flower leaf
That scents the evening air.
Go read perfection in each bud,
And in each full blown flower,
And bless the hand that made them all,
And glorify His power.

LOOKING BACK

A FEW short years ago
My life had just begun;
And I in rosy childhood's hours
Life's race commenced to run,
The landscape far and wide
Was covered o'er with green,
While flowers with richest fragrance bloomed,
And fruitful trees were seen.

No past had I to mourn,
The present was delight,
The undulating future seemed
All dazzling to my sight.
Imagination's dreams
Bore high aloft each thought;
And visions brighter than of earth
Came ever though unsought.

The years had scarcely passed
Ere everything seemed changed,
E'en friends with whom in youth I played
To me seemed all estranged.
Imagination's dreams
Had long been all forgot
While fate's stern mandate I obeyed
With willing heart or not.

And now in looking back
I see a life of toil,
Of earnest will, some slight success,
Some care each joy to spoil
But look I yet beyond,
'Tis true a clouded sun
But hope, sweet hope of rest above
When life's short day is done,

'Tis ever thus with man
Youth's rosy morn appears
Then quickly rise the gathered clouds
Of sorrows, doubts and fears
Thus rages wild the storm
With but a glimmering ray,
Till sunset comes and clouds disperse
And sweetly sets the day.

THE SABBATH

SWEET day I love, of other days
The brightest and the best;
Sweet day, from toil and labor free;
Of calm and holy rest.

Let not a thought of worldly care
Thy worship, Lord, beguile,
And may I pass its hours away
With Thy approving smile.

Sweet Sabbath day it minds me still
Of happier days now fled;
Ere one who taught my youthful heart,
Slept with the silent dead.

Yes boyhood hours come back again
With all their weight of joy
And now in life's maturer years
They seem without alloy.

I hear the dear old Sabbath bell
Resounding through the air;
Calling together young and old
Within the house of prayer.

Up through the shady lane I go
Along the bordered path;
Ah! fancy cannot paint the joys
Our early childhood hath.

And now that years have passed away
'Tis pleasant, yet 'tis hard
To retrospect, for some are gone
I held in fond regard.

The hand that led me many a time
Toward the house of prayer
Rests in the churchyard while the winds
Murmur their requiems there.

And now upon this Sabbath morn
My thoughts go wandering back
And memory shows a Father's love
O'er boyhood's shining track.

So may I live that bye and bye
With loved ones gone before
An endless Sabbath I may spend
On yon bright shining shore.

BIBLE CLASS HYMN—NO. 1

ONCE more we've met together
On God's bright holy day;
To sing and talk of Jesus
And learn of Heaven the way.
Oh help us blessed Saviour
To think and talk aright,
And feel whate'er we do this day
Is open to Thy sight.

Since last we met together,
Thy Love has round us shone;
And through Life's dangerous pathway
Thy guiding hand we own,
With blessings rich thou'st crowned us,
And from the Tempter's snare
Thy spirit kind has led us
And said to us "beware."

Accept our heartful praises
For mercies kindly sent;
And may the day before us
With sacredness be spent.
And when our life is over
And Sabbath's are no more;
We'll praise thee as our Saviour
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

BIBLE CLASS HYMN—NO. 2

WITH gratitude again we meet
Within our room to-day,
To search Thy word, O Lord, and learn
To walk in wisdom's way.
Oh, smile upon our "Bible Class"
And may Thy spirit's power
Control our thoughts, so that Thy grace
May sanctify this hour.

Thy word more precious far than pearls
Or gems of costly worth;
Is more to be desired than all
The diadems of Earth.
For in its rich and holy depths
Thy boundless love we see;
And read how Christ, our Saviour, died
To set us captives free.

Like young and faithful Timothy
May we the Scriptures learn
And for the precepts of Thy law
Continually yearn.
Thus knowing more and more of Thee
Our actions may we guide
Before the world, so that Thy name
Shall e'er be glorified.

AUTUMN DAYS

THE Autumn days have come at last,
The glorious Autumn hours,
When Nature, dressed in gorgeous robes,
Walks stately through the bowers.
The liveried green the trees have worn
She changes now to grey,
All interspersed with golden shades,
To cheer fair Autumn's stay.

The brook sweet music warbles still,
And flows 'tween banks of flowers;
Sweet Autumn flowers that linger yet
To bless and cheer the hours;
For soon the winter's chill will come
And desolate the plains,
Then welcome still, sweet Autumn flowers,
That bloom ere winter reigns.

The summer's sultry heat is past,
The sweet refreshing air
Of Autumn's cool delightful hours
Breathes on us everywhere.
Our waking hours more pleasant seem,
Our sleep, calm and serene,
And time flows swifter, for the sun
Now shines through Autumn's screen.

Then hail unto thy coming, fair,
And welcome be thy stay;
Thou comest laden with rich fruits
With grain-fields laughing gay.
Thou comest bringing in thy arms
A harvest rich for man,
Spring, Summer, Winter, of them all
Bright Autumn leads the van.

HEAVEN

NO tired and weary feet are there,
No brow bedimmed with aught of care,
No restless longing after peace,
From toils and turmoils, fond release;
No aching head, no broken heart,
No tears unbidden known to start,
No thought of grief or mortal ill,
Shall with its pangs the spirit thrill.

Thrice happy blest eternal home,
When once within none wish to roam;
Rest, calm, serene as evening's hour,
When twilight sits on bud and flower,
Eternal in its peace shall last,
While cycling ages onward past
Shall hail the dawn of ages still,
Unknown to sorrow's wintry chill.

WAITING

WAITING, waiting, waiting,
For to-morrow's dawning.
Yet to-morrow never comes
With its beams of morning.
Just a little way beyond
Ever it is seeming,
Boyhood, manhood, middle age
Pass away in dreaming.

Waiting, waiting, waiting,
Boyhood's petty sorrow,
Calms itself with cheering hopes
Of fame's bright to-morrow.
Deed's heroic, crown his name,
In his fancy's vision,
And the future just beyond,
Seems a fair elysian.

Waiting, waiting, waiting,
Gained is manhood's portal,
“Just beyond” hope whispers still
To each longing mortal.
“Just beyond,” aye, “just beyond,”
Ever it is seeming,
Boyhood, manhood, middle age
Pass away in dreaming.

"THOU ART GOD ALONE"

WHILE standing on the ocean's shore
And gazing o'er the deep,
Watching the billows' seething foam,
While storms their revels keep;
My soul is filled with solemn awe
While listening to their tone,
And David's words come o'er my mind,
"Lord, Thou art God alone!"

In all of nature's mighty works,
The forest's gloomy shade,
The giant mountain's granite sides,
All nature's vast arcade.
Thy praise in many a varied way,
To speak are ever prone,
We listening hear it all around,
Yes, "Thou art God, alone."

Thou gravest it in living words
Upon our inmost soul,
When dire misfortunes blast is heard
And clouds of anguish roll,
From out the thick and murky clouds,
We hear Thy gentle tone;
"Fear not, I'm with thee to the end
For I am God alone."

Take courage, trembling, fearful saint,
Though hosts of hell combine,
The Lord of Heaven is "God alone,"
That God is ever thine.
He'll shield and guide thee; bye and bye,
Will claim thee as His own,
When nature sinks He'll raise thee up
For He is "God alone."

TRUTH

TRUTH shall remain
Till not a stain
Of error blights our earth again
Tho' wounded oft and baffled
It conquered ne'er can be,
But "Phœnix" like will rise in all
Superiority.

Kings may unite
Its power to smite,
But monarchs cannot crush the Right.
Like odor of the flowers,
When trampled under feet
The essence of its power blooms
More beautiful and sweet.

Haste happy time
When every clime
Shall sound the strains of Truth sublime,
Then evil shall have vanished,
Millennial morn shall rise,
And earth be purged from carnal lusts,
From tears and weeping eyes.

LEARNING

WE are learning every day,
Every hour that passes o'er us
Brings to light some hidden truth,
Spreads new fields of facts before us.
We are reaping harvests rich,
From the sowings of past ages,
By the men of mark and genius,
The philosophers and sages.

We are learning much of life
In its real and ideal,
Scattering the chaff from wheat,
Storing up alone the real.
Gaining much from observation,
More from stern reality,
Wishing, fearing, meditating,
Ever growing wiser we.

Every incident around
In the broad and great creation
Of a wonder-working God
Tends to human elevation.
Storm and sunshine have their lessons;
Flowers speak a language tender;
Read it in the blushing rose;
And the lily, white and slender.

In the gentle falling rain
 Of a brief lived April shower,
In the dew kissed honeysuckle
 At the summer's twilight hour,
In the zephyr or tornado,
 E'en the vaulted blue of heaven
With its myriad star gems sparkling,
 Has to us its lesson given.

We are learning, but are we
 Following out God's great designing,
Striving to be better men,
 Goodness with our lore combining.
Let us as we learn the lessons,
 Taught us every passing hour,
Raise our grateful hearts to heaven,
 Bless and praise His gracious power.

THE GENTLE TWILIGHT HOUR

I LOVE the twilight's gentle hour,
 Its fair and mellow light,
The hour when nature sinks to rest
 Upon the lap of night;
When all is still and scarce a breeze
 Comes murmuring through the vale,
When wandering sunbeams kiss the clouds,
 Or linger in the dale.

The hum of daylight's noisy hour
 Now yields to sweet repose;
The woodland songsters cease their songs,
 While daily labors close—
The father wends his weary steps
 Toward his pleasant home,
The spot to him of all most dear,
 From which he ne'er would roam.

Oh ! I love the twilight's gleaming,
 For on wings of calm repose,
Methinks the air is burdened
 With the spirits fond of those
Who have left their earthly dwellings,
 And have soared to worlds on high,
Yet often come as angels,
 Ministering from the sky.

'Tis the hour of peace and quiet,
And methinks I hear them say,
"Brother, ever keep thy footsteps
In the straight and narrow way,
You may meet with toil and trouble,
Storms and darkness cloud your way,
Fear them not, for we will guide thee
To the realms of endless day."

We are sent to cheer the mourner,
Guide the erring and the faint,
Lead them to our blissful Heaven,
Where no sin their joys can taint.
And they seem to aid my vision,
As I look beyond the flood,
Through the flowery vales of Eden,
To the mansions of the good.

And I fain would join their number,
In that world of light and love,
And with them sing forever
The praise of God above;
There to walk the fragrant pathways,
Decked with many a flower of earth,
Whom God early has transplanted
To its native land of birth.

SUMMER

SUMMER days are here again,
And the rain
Falls in grateful welcome showers,
To rejoice the fields and bowers,
And refresh the sultry hours,
Ripen grain.

Birds are carolling so sweet,
What a treat !
Thus to listen to the notes
Of the melody that floats
Over fields and verdant moats,
Us to greet.

First the blue bird came along
With his song ;
Then the robin in his train
Cheered us with his sweet refrain,
And we hear once more again,
All the throng.

Gardens bloom with roseate hue,
Morning dew,
Rests on roses, red and white,
Lily and carnation bright,
Field flowers pleasing to the sight,
Violets blue.

Ever since the summer hours
Came with flowers,
Perfume sweet has filled the air,
Floating from the garden fair,
Fragrance rich and ever rare,
Has been ours.

Singing brooklets murmur free,
Melody,
Dashing on their cheerful way,
Singing merrily and gay,
Tiny waves with silver spray,
Laughingly.

Welcome summer as each day
Wears away.
Lessons may we learn from flowers
Brooks and birds and gentle showers,
To the One that made them ours,
Ever pray.

A GHOSTLY POEM

TWAS late one summer evening, I thought I'd take
a stroll,

I passed a lonely graveyard with many a "six foot hole;"
I whistled loud, thus trying to keep my courage high;
But keeping still a lookout from the "corner of my eye."
All at once I heard a flutter, but I darted straight ahead,
For I had no inclination to hold converse with the dead.
Soon I felt the bony fingers of a hand which pressed my
arm,

And I shook like "bottled ague" with a terrified alarm.
Then I turned and saw the figure of a form in ghostly
white,

And it beckoned me to follow it, all quaking with
affright.

It led me over many a mound, until we came at last
Unto a spot where dead men's bones were lying all
aghast.

The hole was dark, and deep, and wide, and worms
crawled to and fro,

And slimy snakes made hisses mad, and the bones they
rattled so.

My escort clutched me by the throat and plunged me in
this hole,

And I shuddered with the dying gasp of some poor mur-
dered soul;

Just then I gave with all my might a most unearthly
scream
And found I'd tumbled out of bed from a most horrid
dream.

GET BUSY

“**G**ET busy,” don’t wait for the days to roll by.
“Get busy,” you’ll triumph if only you’ll try.
“Get busy,” ‘tis only the lazy who fail.
Tread the earth like a hero, don’t crawl like a snail.

“Get busy,” if *you* don’t there’s others who will.
“Get busy,” there’s plenty of soil you can till.
“Get busy,” or others your harvest will reap,
And you’ll be a beggar, so *wake* from your sleep.

“Get busy,” the skies are the brightest for years.
“Get busy,” shake off all your doubts and your fears.
“Get busy,” resolve you will do what you can,
And prove to the world that you’re really a man.

“Get busy,” thus cheer up your “babies” and “wife.”
“Get busy,” and sunshine will stream through your life.
“Get busy,” don’t wearily, lazily plod,
Remember you’re made in the image of God.

“Get busy,” applause only greets those who try.
“Get busy,” already the clouds have rolled by.
The music is ringing; get into the fray.
Your motto henceforth be: “I’ll ‘Do it to-day.’”

MY MOTHER'S VOICE

THOUGH far away I wander
From the scenes of early youth,
I shall ne'er forget its pleasures,
Hours of innocence and truth.
Oft my spirit hears the voices
Of the loved of long ago;
Father, mother, playmate, brother,
Cease to love thee?—never, no!

Yet of all the welcome voices
That my spirit loved to hear,
Causing joy to banish darkness,
Drying every sorrowing tear,
Was the sweet voice of my mother,
With its tones so soft and mild,
Oft in love so gently chiding
Her wayward, thoughtless child.

Its softness seems to linger
All along through manhood's years,
And its cadence, sweet and cheerful,
Bids me banish all my fears.
Though the world may prove unfaithful,
And its friendship fade and wane,
When disgusted with its follies,
All its baubles I disdain.

The sweet voice of my mother
Shall my joy and comfort be,
As I dream of love unfathomed
Cherished kindly still for me.
Yes, I hear her voice as ever,
Though long years have passed and gone,
While my mind oft wanders backward,
As I journey on alone.

THE SPRINGTIME OF THE SOUL

H ERE temptations dark assail,
And the heart is often weary,
All our courage seems to fail
As the path of life looks dreary;
But a sunny time is coming
When the clouds shall backward roll,
And the Christian heart rejoices
In “the springtime of the soul.”

Not a sky but has its clouds;
Not a heart but has its sorrow;
E'en the ocean—smooth to-day—
Rocked by storm will be to-morrow.
Wait, oh! wait, a little longer!
Patience soon shall gain its goal,
And fruition's flowers blossom
In “the springtime of the soul.”

Age may bend us down with years;
Care may cause the face to wrinkle;
Time, amid our raven locks,
Gray and white may loosely sprinkle;
Voice and step may both grow feeble
When old age has on us stole;
But our youth shall be immortal
In “the springtime of the soul.”

There the flowers never fade,
And the bright day has no ending;
From the glad angelic hosts
Praise to God is e'er ascending;
And from near the Throne, the River,
Pure, of Life, shall sweetly roll,
Making glad the land where ever
Blooms "the springtime of the soul."

LOVE

TELL me not it is a dream
Transient as the meteor's gleam ;
Fickle as the playful winds,
Fit alone for childish minds.

Tell me not its power is vain,
E'en to move or to restrain ;
That it will not thrill our souls
As emotion through them rolls.

Nay, 'twill thrill the hardest heart,
Cause the tear from eye to start ;
Conquer where all else may fail,
E'en make Pride and Fortune quail.

Make the old man young again,
Bind fond hearts that once were twain ;
Cause the maiden's soul to bound,
And her lovers all confound.

In a mother's heart it lives,
To her child her all she gives ;
By the new-made grave 'tis found,
And with tears bedews the mound.

'Tis the strain the angels sing
As the heavenly arches ring ;
'Tis the boon our Maker's given
That shall point our souls to Heaven.

THE ORPHAN

COME and list, and I will tell thee
Why at times I'm sad and lone;
Why the sunlight brings no beauties,
Why its pleasures all have flown.
Oft the smile plays o'er my features,
But it comes not from the heart,
For its dearest, fondest tendrils
Have been rudely made to part.

I'm an orphan, sad and dreary,
All the world appears to be,
Though its hours are bright and joyful,
Dark and sad they seem to me.
All alone I wander onward,
Watching for life's closing day,
When I'll meet my loved and dear ones,
Now so far from me away.

I've a darling angel mother
Far away in yon bright sky,
Where the lilies bloom and quiver
In that glorious land on high.
There a father dwells in glory,
Waiting for his orphan child,
Singing songs among the angels,
Strains of music soft and mild.

And I long to join their numbers
On that bright and heav'nly shore,
Where no sin or sorrow enters,
And where partings are no more.
Mother, I am coming, coming!
Father, I shall meet you there!
Soon I'll join your angel numbers,
All your heav'nly pleasures share.

MY COUNTRY HOME

'NEATH the shade of leafy locusts, on the hill-top
 all alone,
Where the breezes sweetly whisper in their low and gentle tone—
Where the sunset's golden splendor casts its fair and mellow light,
And the picture glows with beauty radiant and ever bright;
Where the purple, blue and crimson shine from cloud-tipped borders fair,
And the scene is one of grandeur unsurpassed in splendor rare;
Where the birds chant sweetest music throughout the summer day,
Stands a neat and humble cottage, far, oh! far from here away.

And below it, in the valley, gliding sweetly by in glee,
Flows a tiny little streamlet sparkling joyously and free;
While, above, the drooping branches form an archway royal fair,
Scarce admitting straggling sunbeams, with their light,
 to enter there;
Pleasant fields with verdant pasture, cattle grazing in
 the sun,

Or beneath the shady chestnut, standing till its course
is run !

Fields of corn all ripe and yellow, grain of fair and
golden hue

Tell of plenteous stores for harvest, though the farmer's
wants are few.

In that home there dwells a farmer, Nature's truest no-
bleman !

Honest, true and noble-hearted, doing all the good he
can.

Smiled upon by peace and plenty, free from want or
sordid care,

Blest with children, and a pretty wife of all to him most
fair,

O ! I love this humble cottage, for within its pleasant
walls,

As my mind goes wandering backward it most pleasantly
recalls

Well remembered scenes of pleasures, faces all aglow with
light

And they seem to chase the darkness from the gloom of
sorrow's night.

THE WANDERER

S O F T L Y and tenderly
Over the lea;

Far o'er the ocean wave, far o'er the sea,
Comes the loved voice of one far from his home,
Over the stormy deep
Wandering alone.

Home bright and beautiful
Once knew his name;
Friends loved and cherished him, we did the same.
All that a mother's love, pure and sincere,
Could in its loveliness
Comfort and cheer.

Freely was yielded up,
Cheerfully given,
O, how his parting words heart-strings have riven:
"Mother, I leave you now, wandering, to roam
Far from your gentle face,
Far from my home.

"Yet oft my mind will turn
Backward in thought;
Think o'er the many scenes, joys all unsought:
Brother and sister dear, sadly, good-by,
Here now as evermore
Love cannot die.

"Though miles may intervene,
Storms rudely come,
Yet oft my mind will turn backward to home;
Ever its gentle light sweetly shall guide
Through every stormy sea,
O'er every tide.

"Till safe once more at last,
Ceasing to roam,
I shall your faces greet once more at home;
Heart then contented, shall satisfied be,
Since I have seen the world—
Sailed o'er the sea."

Now that he's on the sea
Sailing alone,
Voices from o'er the lea seemingly come,
Saying, in accents sweet, "Though far I roam,
Yet oft my mind shall turn
To home, sweet home."

REST

[*Lines on the death of Hattie, the invalid daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Averill.*]

REST at last, life's sufferings o'er,
Rest at last on the golden shore.
Rest at last on her Saviour's breast,
Rest at last, at last sweet rest.

Oh ! how welcome Heaven must seem.
Oh ! how welcome its glory gleam,
Oh ! how welcome from sin set free.
Oh ! how welcome Eternity.

Patient, while every move was pain,
Patient, though hope she knew was vain.
Patient, through long and weary years.
Patient, through suffering's bitter tears.

But all is past, the end has come,
Hattie, darling, you're safe at home.
In the tomb your weary form we lay,
Your spirit is with its God to-day.

WEEP NOT

WEEP not, thou sad and lonely one,
Though sorrows round thee fall;
From out the gloom thy Saviour smiles,
His voice doth sweetly call;
“Come unto me,” He gently says,
“Thou sad and weary one;
Seek but my face and I will bless
And own thee as My son.”

Each heart its own sad burden feels,
Each heart its sorrow knows,
There is a tear for every smile,
A thorn for every rose.
Thou’rt not alone amid thy grief,
Tho’ deep it seems to be,
Escape thou canst not from life’s ills,
Till from its bondage free.

Surrounded by a world of sin,
One hope alone remains,
One guiding star to lead thee on
From earth and all its pains;
If guided by it thou wilt be
’Twill safely lead thee o’er,
Till safe at last thou’lt sing God’s praise
“On Canaan’s peaceful shore.”

CHURCH BELLS

'T IS a summer Sabbath morning,
Stillness lingers on the air,
Fragrance from a thousand rosebuds
Is floating everywhere;
As I sit beside my window,
Gazing out upon the scene
Every object's clothed with beauty,
All is peaceful and serene.

A thousand gushing memories
Come thronging o'er my soul,
As just now I hear the music
Solemn of the church bells' toll,
For it speaks to me of childhood,
Of my happy early years
When naught was sad, but petty griefs
And boyhood's early tears.

It tells me of a cottage home
All planted 'round with trees,
Where every bird's note seemed so sweet
When borne upon the breeze.
Of a mother, kind and cheerful,
With a meek and gentle face,
Ere yet the lines of sorrow
Had deeply left their trace.

My brothers, too, I love them
As when together we
Oft played beside our doorway
Beneath the cherry tree,
I often think of pleasures,
Joys of youth's early day
Though many miles now intervene,
And they are far away.

Toil on, ye ancient church bells
In yonder towers gray,
For memories ye bring me
Of childhood's happy day.
Full many a Sabbath morning
Like this then on me shone,
While the future lay before me
As a distant great unknown.

NIAGARA

N IAGARA—vast rolling surge,
Mouthpiece of nature's form,
How grand are all thy thunderings
In sunlight and in storm.

To me thy tones seem but as praise
To Him who rules the sky,
While all the power of mortal man,
Thy grandeur doth defy.

Thou rollest on, Time's written page
For ages long since fled ;
Thy record keeps, while empires vast
Are numbered with the dead.

Thou'st sung their dirge, long, long ago,
And still thou movest on,
The grandest work man ever saw,
Or sun has set upon.

Roll on, thou ever-rolling tide,
The God of nature praise,
In surging wave, in thundering note,
In all thy varied ways.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE

THOU hast promised to be faithful
To the being of thy choice;
Thou has answered well the questions
With a firm and manly voice;
To protect and cherish ever
Through a long, eventful life,
Through pleasure and through sadness,
Thy young and loving wife.

Could my wishes for the future
In reality but bloom,
I would strew thy path with flowers
And with roses' rich perfume;
I would cause thy early union
To as happy prove through years,
And thy life flow onward, ever,
All unknown to sorrow's tears.

But, alas! this life is ever
Fraught with pain as well as pleasure,
And the Goddess Fate oft baffles
As our hands would grasp a treasure;
Every morning has its twilight,
Every rose its pointed thorn,
And the heart that smiles in gladness
May with sorrow soon be torn.

Change is written all around us,
Some for better, some for worst;
Oh, may changes for the latter
Ne'er upon your vision burst!
But may fortune gently lead you
Where success shall on you smile,
And the sunlight of your pleasures
All the cares of life beguile.

Take thy wife, but oh, prove faithful
To the promises thou'st made;
Love her as thou lov'st no other
Through sunshine as through shade!
May affection twine its laurels
Round the pillar of your love,
Till your day of life is ended
And you both shall meet above!

MY COUNTRY

MY country, my country, thou land of my pride,
May no evil befall thee, no danger betide;
Of all countries, the fairest to me thou dost seem,
As the sun of thy freedom doth peacefully gleam;
May its rays, bright and cheerful, forever remain,
A fair token of justice o'er all thy domain;
May thy banner float proudly, triumphantly wave,
An ensign of freedom thy people to save.

Thy dark rolling rivers, thy streamlets that flow,
O'er thy rich fertile plains that with verdure doth glow,
Thy high craggy mountains, where, on snowy white crest,
America's eagle builds her lone, dreary nest;
Thy fair flowing landscapes, thy forest's tall trees,
Thy flower-perfumed fragrance that floats in the breeze,
Tell me *That* thou art fairest of all nations to me,
Thou land of my fathers, thou "home of the free."

As the ship on the ocean, by soft winds caressed,
Glides peacefully onward o'er ocean's fair breast;
As the bird of the mountain with fixed piercing eye,
Soars majestically on through the blue azure sky,
May the star of thy destiny, fixed, fair and bright,
Lead thee onward to glory, resplendent with light,
As fair as the breezes that sweep o'er the main,
As pure as the air of the wild bird's domain.

EVENING

I LOVE to sit and ponder,
At evening's quiet hour,
Within some lone sequestered nook,
Some sweet and fragrant bower.

Afar from anxious care or grief,
And every studious thought,
“Awhile the world forgetting seem,
And by the world forgot.”

I love on fancy's wing to soar,
And while away the hours;
My spirit seems commingling with
The spirits of the flowers.

So pure, so free from every guile,
Their fragrance all so fair,
Their perfume sweet my soul beguiles,
It loses all its care.

The spirits of the wildwood seem
To mingle with me there;
O! may my life as fragrant prove,
As summer evening's air.

BACK AFAR THROUGH MISTY SHADOWS

BACK afar through misty shadows,
Years of sunshine and of gloom,
I am sleeping, calmly sleeping,
In my quiet little room.

Visions light and visions airy
Flit before me, come and go ;
Dreamland's filled with fairy footsteps,
And with music soft and low.

On the wings of balmy sweetness,
Down the tide of future years,
Life to me seems all of pleasure,
Smiling faces drown all tears.

Wealth, with all its fair attendants,
All its glitter, pomp and pride ;
Fame, ambition's soul inspiring,
On its chariot wheels I ride.

I've a palace built of silver,
All its walls are lined with gold ;
I have servants at my bidding,
And my treasures are untold.

Acres wide, all green and fruitful,
Fields of ripe and golden grain,
“Cattle on a thousand hill-tops,”
Mine’s a rich and vast domain.

Ships afloat upon the ocean,
Wealth untold upon the land,
Hundreds wait to do my bidding,
Hundreds go at my command.

But, alas ! I’m only dreaming,
Childhood’s mind, yet free from care,
Weaves in visions light and airy,
Naught but what is bright and fair.

Years have added pain to pleasure,
Childhood’s vanished, visions fled ;
Stern realities now meet me,
Still I hope there’s joy ahead.

Thus we’re living, hoping, trusting,
Burying past in olden graves.
Looking forward to the future,
Finding pearls beneath its waves.

TWILIGHT O'ER THE MEADOW

TWILIGHT o'er the meadow,
Twilight o'er the sea,
Moonbeams gaily dancing
Over hill and lea;
Night-winds sweetly whisper,
Murmur soft and low,
Gushing streamlets warble
Music as they flow.

Star-gems sparkle brightly
In the deep-blue sky;
Many a diamond glistens
Far away on high;
Hearts are light and happy,
Filled with youthful glee;
Merry feet are dancing,
Carelessly and free.

Lights are in the parlor,
Mirthfulness and joy
Reign as queen and goddess,
Pure without alloy.
Twilight o'er the mountain,
Sunlight in the heart,
Friends so blithe and happy,
Cheerfulness impart.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, MOTHER DEAR?

HAVE you forgotten, mother dear,
Where once we used to dwell!
Our little home surrounded with
 The flowers you loved so well?
How oft we've sat upon the stoop,
 Beneath their clustering shade,
While all the air was perfumed with
 The fragrancy they made.

How oft, in spring-time, you have watched
 And watered them with care;
Arrayed them in their tiny beds,
 Those flowers rich and rare.
The little shrub of pine-apple,
 The lily pure and white;
The roses all of varied hue,
 The pink carnation bright.

How like a little bower of love
 Our garden then appeared,
How many times the song of birds
 Our little dwelling cheered;
How thick the foliage of the trees,
 The cherry, quince and plum—
The fruit so fair, it seems e'en now
 My lips are tasting some.

Dear mother, I can ne'er forget
 How many times I've played
In childhood's hours around our home
 Beneath the grape-vine shade.
'Tis true our home is pleasant now,
 But then 'twas far more fair,
Dear mother, oft in memory
 I sit beside you there.

WELCOME, AUTUMN

WELCOME, fair delightful Autumn,
For thou comest as a queen
Clothed in raiment fair and lovely,
Culled from out the summer green.
Sparkling jets of pearly frost gems
Glitter in thy regal crown,
As thou comest richly laden
To the country wide and town.

Thy attendants are the harvests,
Apple, Pear and clambering vine,
Luscious fruit for early vintage
Yellow Corn with golden shine.
Stores for cold and cheerless winter
Well repaying farmers' toil
In the sultry days of summer
With the willing grateful soil.

Now no more the hot sun poureth
Down its melting scorching rays,
For the air is mild and pleasant
In these lovely Autumn days.
Morning cool and noon tide balmy,
Evening pleasant as can be;
'Tis delightful thus to spend the
Days in real luxury.

CHANGE

CHANGE is written on the flowers,
Springlike, tint and shade,
Wane as summer passes o'er them,
And in autumn fade.
Odors that so gently floated
From their petals fair
Live alone on sense and feeling
As the things that were.

Change is written on the faces
Fair of youthful friends,
Where sweet smiles once beamed sincerely
Selfishness now blends.
Love, though once the only motive,
Fails to rule the heart,
And from 'neath our drooping eyelids
Tears unbidden start.

Change—'tis written on our feelings,
Where the ardent love—
That in early childhood's hours
All our thoughts did move,
Dwelleth now some cool affection,
Fashion's friendship-tie,
How unlike the gushing passion
Of our childhood's sky.

Change, the monarch Time has wrote it
Over land and sea,
Over town and crowded city,
Mountain, crag and lea.
In our hearts and on our faces,
In our actions, too,
Else our lives would be more noble,
And our language true.

WINTER

THE air is keen, the wind blows shrill
Along the dreary plain;
The "Frost King" pictures palaces
Upon the window-pane;
In frantic glee he draws the lines
At night that flee with day,
And limpid though its light appears
It melts them all away.

Anon the air is filled with flakes
Of gently floating snow,
The lakes and rivers each and all
A glassy surface show.
Upon their bosom fair and smooth
The merry skaters glide;
And tho' the wintry air blows keen,
Its chilly power's defied.

Then hail to winter's regal reign,
Though monarch stern is he;
Full many a shout from youthful hearts
Will ring out glad and free.
The jingling sleigh-bells speak of life,
Of joy and youth together,
And merry skaters sing with glee,
Hurrah for wintry weather!

THE HOUR OF CLOSING DAY.

HOW calm the hour of closing day!
The sun's last momentary ray
Is resting on the hills;
The birds have ceased their joyous notes,
The only melody that floats
Comes murmuring from the rills.

Slowly retires the setting sun,
His course from east to west is run,
He calmly sinks to rest;
His couch of crimson, decked with gold
Is dazzling, as our eyes behold
The billowy mountain crest.

Then hail, sweet hour, I love thee best,
So soft with meditation blest,
And happy thoughts of yore.
For, with thy coming, back I think,
And deep at memory's fountain drink,
And cull from memory's store.

Oft with my soul have I communed,
As at thy hour it was attuned
To pensive melody;
Then hail, sweet hour of closing day,
I long for thy approach, and stay,
For thou art sweet to me.

HOW CHANGEABLE

O H ! how changeable is life
With its valleys deep of sorrow,
Its dark'ning clouds of anguish
That no comfort e'er can borrow.
To the plains of sweet contentment
Interspersed with friendship's flowers,
Where with joyous heart and feeling
All uncounted pass the hours.

Oh ! how fickle art thou, World,
And how transient are thy blessings ;
Disappointed are we oft
When we look for thy caressings.
Friendship comes by gentle wooing
Often goes like meteor flashing,
And the cold world hears the moaning
Little caring for the crashing.

Every morning foul or fair
Bears upon its hours fleeting,
Tales of woe to some, to others
Free and gladsome joyous greeting.
Morning wanes and evening's gloaming
Brings the joyous, saddened hearts,
While unto the downcast mourner,
Comfort rich it oft imparts.

THE SPRING HAS COME

THE spring has come, and the bluebird's note
From the trees and fence tops soon shall float
A harbinger sweet of summer scenes,
Of April showers and verdant greens.

There's life and health in the air around,
And joy in the welcome murmuring sound,
Of the loosened brooklet's tiny flow
O'er its pebbly bottom, white as snow.

Her morning robe of blossoms white
Awoke from the sleep of winter's night,
Shall the spring put on with regal mien
And walk the earth as a fairy queen.

In her train the feathered songsters come
From orange groves of their southern home
While ushering in the later hours
Of the summer's fragrant full blown flowers.

Then oh, welcome, Robin, Thrush and Wren
To the garden, grove and wildwood glen;
For all light our hearts ye make with glee
As we list to your warbled melody.

THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE

THERE'S beauty in the sunshine,
There's music in the breeze,
As softly in the summer time
It floats among the trees.

There's music in the warbling
Of all the birdling choir,
As from the woodland, bower and glen
They wake their tuneful lyre.

There's beauty in the sparkling
Of the ocean's snow-white crest,
There's music in its murmuring
When it is all unrest.

There's music in the rustling
Of the tree-tops as they wave,
There's beauty in their verdant leaves
As summer winds doth lave.

There's beauty in the sunset
Of a calm still summer's day,
There's music, soft, melodious,
As night winds sweetly play.

There's music in a gentle voice
That always speaks to cheer,
And beauty in a smiling face,
It seems unknown to fear.

The world itself is beautiful,
All musical and fair;
Search where you will, look where you may—
There's beauty everywhere.

WESTCHESTER HILLS

UP amid Westchester's hills
Where the grass grows rank and wild
And the verdure covered mountains
Each alone seems nature's child,
Where the valleys smile the sweetest
And the fields are dotted over
With the lowing herds at pasture
On the fragrant scented clover,
Where the skies will match the fairest
That o'erhang Italia's strand
And the hearts are e'en the lightest
That are found in any land.

There's a spot where oft in thought
Pass I many a happy hour
Oft rejoicing, often sighing
Swayed and moved by memory's power.
In a cottage on the hilltop
By the lofty locust shaded
Hopes have bloomed with spring like beauty
Hopes like autumn leaves have faded,
Once a happy family circle
Met within those pleasant halls,
And full many scenes of pleasure
Memory to my heart recalls.

But the saddest day I knew,
One that haunts my memory now,
Was when Death's cold hand was laid
On my dear lov'd father's brow.
Spoke we then in accents lowly
For our hearts were filled with sorrow,
Though we knew our father's spirit
Passed to "Eden's" fair to-morrow.
Knew we not what strong affection
Bound together heart and heart,
Till we found the ties were broken
And with "father" we must part.

On a calm and sunny day
Such as oftentimes is seen
In the midst of cheerless winter
Peering out through frosty screen,
'Neath an elm's stately branches
With the clear blue sky above him
In the grave we laid his body,
But as ever still we love him;
This is why Westchester's hillocks
Dear and dearer seem to me,
For a father loved and cherished
Sleeps beneath that old elm tree,

LITTLE THINGS

IT is the little things of life
That mightiest ends achieve,
Not the stupendous works that minds
Of mighty men conceive,
Not by the meteoric blaze
Athwart the ages thrown;
But by the unquenched radiance
From myriad star gems shone.

Genius with its outflashing light
Has shone from shore to shore,
But universal common sense
Of man has done much more.
Yes simple truths and single thoughts
Combined are what comprise
The wealth of human excellence
To make earth's mortals wise.

The thunderbolts of great reform
Though thrown from mighty hands,
Are forged by many firesides dim
In this and other lands.
And though the multitude's forgot,
While praise to one is given,
Yet on God's shining register
Their names appear in heaven.

A saying old yet true it is
That "rain drops feed the rill,"
And dew drops surely silently,
Fertility distill.
The sands upon the ocean shore
Are made up one by one,
Years are composed of single days,
And hours as moments run.

Forget the past, the present hour
Is all that is thy own,
Resolve each moment speeding past
Shall find new duties done.
Fill up thy life, with little acts
Of love, they e'er shall shine;
And in the future days thou'l find
The satisfaction thine.

COINCIDENT

'TWAS the hour of twelve, in a little room
That looked to the distant North,
Sat a fair young mother, with hands upraised
While her soul in prayer went forth;
She prayed for the noble volunteer—
For her husband brave and true,
Who went at the sound of his country's call,
To nobly dare and do.

Beside her, on a trundle-bed,
Lay two fair cherub forms,
Whose innocent hearts had never felt
The chill of life's rude storms.
She prayed for her darling girl and boy,
But you could have seen the tear
Roll down her cheek, as with hands upraised,
She prayed for the volunteer.

By Rappahannock's turbid stream,
The light of a camp-fire glowed,
Anon the flickering flame shot up
As the breeze of evening blowed.
Beside it sat the volunteer,
With his knapsack on his knee;
He opens it, and a smile flits o'er
His face—what can it be?

Ah, yes, it is a photograph,
He is thinking now of home,
And thoughts of loved ones far away,
Before his memory come;
And thus he wonders if to-night
While he alone is here,
One thought at home is cherished for
That lonely volunteer.

Ah, yes, brave soldier, she who vowed
To love thee with her might,
Is thinking of thy lonely lot
And prays for thee to-night;
And by-and-by, when Liberty
Shall claim her rightful throne,
And treason and conspiracy
Her regal right shall own,
Home from the battle-field thou'l come
To greet thy loved ones dear,
While grateful millions shall ring forth,
“God bless the volunteer!”

ALL ALONE I'M SITTING

ALL alone I'm sitting
In my room to-night,
Far away from kindred,
Far from loved ones' sight.
Once I had a fireside,
Once I had a home,
Now I miss their comforts,
Far from them I roam.

The world is cold and dreary,
Friendship's but a farce;
Life is like a grammar book,
Filled with words to parse;
Clouds our prospects darken,
Joys are drowned in tears,
Pleasures, how'er buoyant,
Teem with doubts and fears.

Life is like a river,
We are on its tide;
Willingly or otherwise
Down its stream we glide.
Rapid is our progress
On toward the sea;
Soon we'll reach the ocean
Of Eternity.

Why not love each other,
While we linger here,
Causing smiles of gladness
To dry each bitter tear?
Why not have the sunlight
To shine along our way,
Gilding all the landscape,
As along we stray?

Earth itself is beautiful,
All around is fair;
Gently floats its fragrance
On the balmy air;
Let us strive to cherish
Thoughts of kindness given,
Following the footsteps
Of the Lord of Heaven.

WHY FEAR TO DIE?

DEATH is not the "king of terrors,"
Though he's often said to be;
Oft he comes with sweetest music,
Saying, "captive soul, go free."

Life is toilsome care and trouble,
Hearts are filled with doubts and fears,
Stormy clouds dispel the sunshine,
Joys are drowned in constant tears.

In the churchyard, 'neath the willow,
Sleeping in a narrow bed,
Free from passion, care or sorrow,
Sin's not known among the dead.

Birds to chant their morning warbles,
Flowers to grow above our head,
Stars of evening sweetly guard us,
Friends when near us lightly tread.

Then why fear death's marble portal,
Once 'twas made to gleam with light;
Christ dispelled its gloomy darkness—
Burst the bars of endless night.

Just beyond its narrow confines,
Glory bright appears in view,
Heaven with all its radiant beauties
Waits to hail the good and true.

EARTH IS FAIR

EARTH is fair in many places,
But the dearest spot to me
Is a gently-swelling grave mound
Beneath an old elm tree.
Ye may talk of lofty mountains,
'Gainst whose peaks the clouds are driven;
But of all the spots of earthland
This to me seems nearest heaven.

For, when standing there beside it,
A hallowed sense I feel;
And imagination to my soul
Bright spirits doth reveal.
And they seem to hover near me,
And methinks I hear them saying
“Thy Father’s spirit dwelleth
Where golden harps are playing.”

And I love to linger near it,
For all that’s mortal rests
Of him I called my father,
Upon the earth’s cold breast.
This is why this spot seems dearest
Of all earthly spots to me;
For beneath the sod there resteth
One whose spirit now is free.

BELLE

HE has passed to a cloudless day,
She has entered the Land of Light.
The angels led her along the way,
Past the mist and gloom of the twilight gray,
'Til she caught the gleam of the golden ray,
As it shone o'er the hilltops bright.

Our loss is her endless gain,
She is safe with her Saviour now.
She is far beyond all grief and pain,
She has joined the choir on the heavenly plain,
Her voice adds one to the glad refrain,
And a crown is on her brow.

Her life was a spotless one,
She was gentle and kind and true.
Her loving ways our friendship won,
Her radiant smile, like a summer sun
Shone clear and bright 'til her day was done,
And gladdened all those she knew.

Ah! Belle, tho' we miss your face,
And your voice so loving and sweet.
No one in our hearts can take your place,
For none possesses such gentle grace;
And we hope as the years go on apace,
And we have ended life's weary race,
In Heaven we all shall meet.

Died June 28, 1906..

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

O, THE visions of my childhood,
Fraught with loveliness and light,
Gilding every future landscape
With rare beauties ever bright!
How they come to me in manhood,
Visions fair of youthful mirth,
Wreathing sunny smiles of pleasure
Round the fireside and the hearth.

O, the merry winter evenings,
When around the hearthstone sat
Father, mother, and each brother,
All engaged in pleasant chat;
While the crackling of the pine-knot
Spoke of warmth and comfort there,
Though without the storm was raging,
And cold snowflakes filled the air!

O, the schoolhouse in the distance,
Where I've passed bright, happy hours,
When life seemed but a garden filled
With rare and fragrant flowers!
How I loved the hour of noontide,
The merry laugh and shout
Of girls and boys that rang so clear—
It never left a doubt,

But what their hearts were happy,
Filled with joyous mirth and glee,
Innocent in youthful pleasures,
Light and happy as could be.
O, I'll ne'er forget my childhood,
'Tis the garden of my life;
Filled with flowers rich and lovely,
And with fairest fragrance rife!

JAN 31 1907

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